

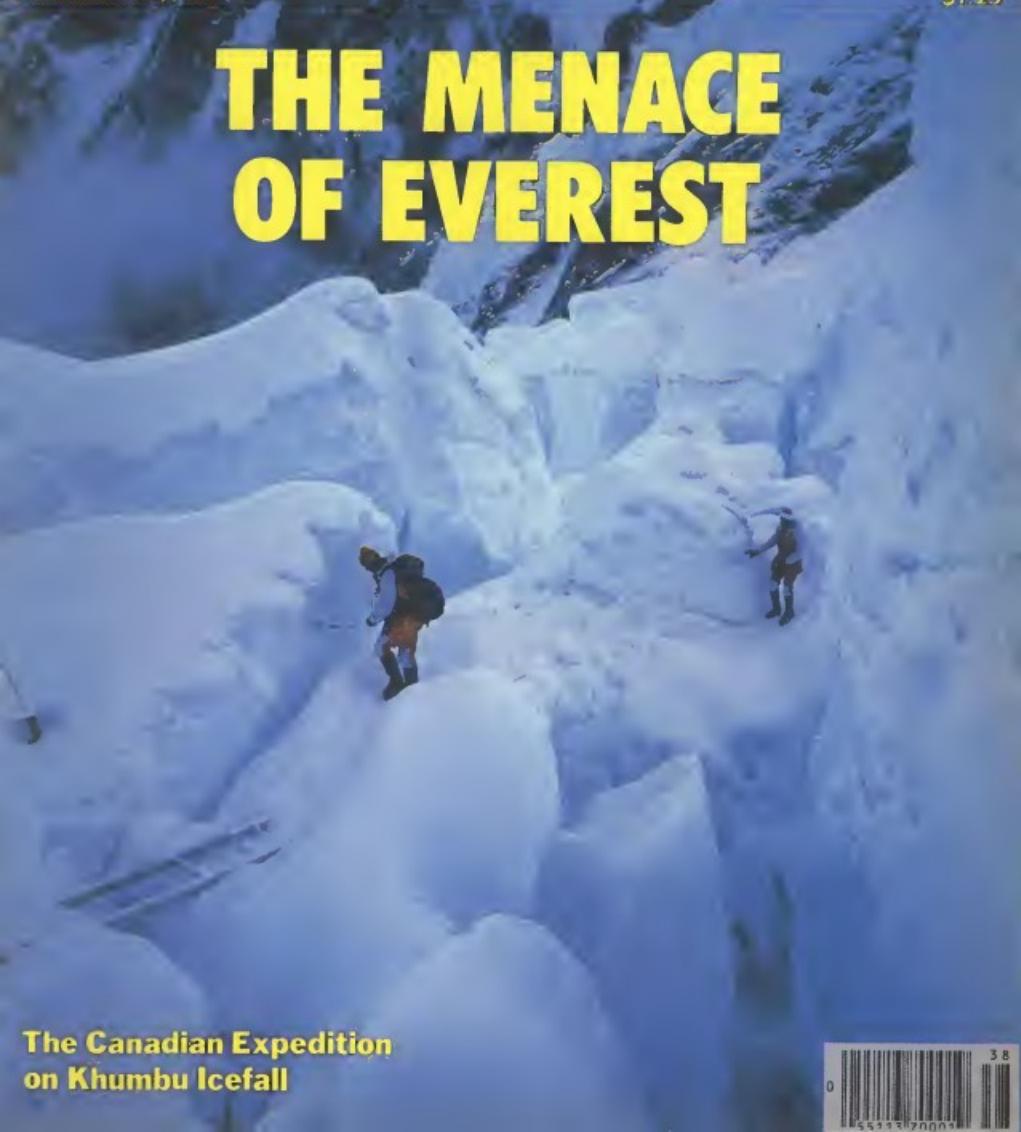
CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 20, 1982

\$1.25

THE MENACE OF EVEREST



The Canadian Expedition
on Khumbu Icefall



38



NEW du MAURIER LIGHT

REGULAR AND KING SIZE

Light-yet distinctly du Maurier



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—yield ranging from 9 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine, King size, 21 mg "tar," 10 mg nicotine.

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 20, 1981 VOL. 85 NO. 38



Shuffle on the deck

Even Pierre Trudeau was skeptical about the value of his little cabinet shuffle, except that it achieved its purpose—moving Allah MacEachen out of Finance. —Page 13



In both languages

The old Canada-Quebec debate was put back on the front burner as a judge upheld the federal Charter of Rights over Quebec's French language charter. —Page 15

COVER

The menace of Everest

Battered by four tragic deaths and the departure of six climbers, the first Canadian expedition to attempt Mount Everest is confessing its stubborn challenge. Seven color photographs, for which Maclean's acquired the exclusive first Canadian magazine rights, illustrate the awesome problem that the team must conquer to become the first Canadians on the roof of the world. —Page 26

COVER PHOTO BY THOMAS HORNUNG



Arab blueprint for peace

In an unusual display of unity, the Arab summit in Morocco produced a peace plan for the Middle East that recognizes Israel's right to exist. —Page 20



An SS man with heart

Christopher Plummer stars in a television miniseries as a Nazi commander who is rattled by a wily Irish messenger while playing daddy in Rome. —Page 44

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THE WESTIN MAN IN CANADA

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Maclean's September 26, 1982

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LETTERS

A medical report post-mortem

Congratulations on the courage and conviction demonstrated in publishing "The New McDonald's Great Debate" (Cover, Sept. 4). We Canadians need to have this kind of information presented clearly and forcefully to us. Congratulations also to Linda McQuaig and her research associates. The combination of thorough, comprehensive research, couched with lucid, expressive writing and well-planned photographs produced an article that was a pleasure to read while being superbly informative.

—T. CHARLES PARKER
Brantford, Ont.

Pressing the press

Your article "A First for First Nations" (Canada, Aug. 20) conveys the significance of the earth's largest meeting of indigenous peoples and highlights issues that were not important to those of us who attended. It also belittles the achievements of the leaders and members of the Federation of Saskatchewan Indians in organizing an ambitious multiweek gathering and pulling it off, and attempts to draw a wedge between elders and the young. The story superficially displayed that not only "governments have had a bias on native people for too long", the white media has also:

—PAT HODGE
Secretary General,
First Nations
Metis National Council



Medical technology: a risky business

A spymaster challenged

With reference to the Aug. 16 Postscript, "When Spring Spills Clear" when did John Starnes believe that a civil force was "absent"? Was it before he took office as a civilian director general with a military background or when he resigned because he could not change a 300-year-old structure? Or was it after the Keele concession, when he stated that the security service should become "more autonomous and of a civil nature?" — SAVAN SARAFIAN, Ottawa

Refugees are rich

Your article "After the Battle: An Uncertain Place" (World, Aug. 30) mentioned that the United Nations agency UNHWA had looked after 200,000 Palestinian refugees in camps for more than 20 years. Those are the same refugees who are rich enough to equip an army with tanks and artillery and finance terrorist attacks, kidnappings and assassinations. As a Second World War refugee who left Europe 35 years ago, I am bewildered and angry to still encounter backing to the upkeep of Palestinian camps.

—V. STYRANIS
Lévisville, Que.

Maritimers head home

Maritimers have a tradition of welcoming home those who have gone away, found the grass not quite so green and returned. As your article "The Golden West Leaves No Lessee" (Canada, Aug. 30) pointed out, unemployed and disenchanted customers are heading home. While you article dealt with those in the higher echelons of wage earners, it is those who went to find the Joneses and are now returning on those last boats who are the real losers.

—CHARLES PLASSER
Kingston County, N.S.

PASSENGERS

DESIGNEE William Paley, 80, chairman of the board of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., effective April 30. Paley founded CBS in 1929 and presided over the development of radio and television as popular forms of entertainment. He will remain a director of CBS and a consultant to the network. CBS President Thomas Wyzanski will succeed Paley as board chairman.

RETIREMENT Admiral Joaquin Araya, commander of the Argentine navy, as of Oct. 1. He is the last serving member of the three-army military state that ordered Argentina's occupation of the Falkland Islands last April. Vice-Admiral Huber Oscar Frerico, now Argentina's representative on the Inter-American Defense Board in Washington, is to succeed Araya.

PINER Eric Piner, 41, former lead singer of the rock group "The Animals," has possession of one gram of cocaine. He was arrested by West German border police on a train just before crossing into Austria, where he was scheduled to perform three concerts.

342. Sheikh Muhammed Abdullah, 71, the leader of Kassim, of a heart attack, in Sirteja, Kassim. The veteran Moslem politician played a major role in the affairs of the northern Indian state for half a century and helped lead India's struggle for independence from Britain. His son Farouq Abdullah, 50, has been sworn in as acting chief minister.

ABDAMINATED Hera Sefken, 46, administrative attaché at the Turkish Consulate in Burgas, Bulgaria. The Justice Commander of the Armenian Guards, a terrorist group, claimed responsibility for the slaying, as it had two weeks earlier for the killing of a Turkish attaché in Ottawa. Sefken was the fifth Turkish diplomat murdered this year.

DEATH Dr. E. Stuart MacDusaid, 66, a respected obstetrics-neonatalogist, in Toronto, of a brain hemorrhage. He was the only surviving son of Lucy Maud Montgomery, author of *Anne of Green Gables*.

INSTALLED Denmark's first nonsocialist government in seven years, led by Conservative Prime Minister Paul Schlüter. His administration succeeds a Social Democratic Party Leader Asker Jorgensen, who resigned Sept. 3 after failing to win support for controversial economic reforms. Schlüter, whose party is the second largest in Danish politics, will be Denmark's first Conservative prime minister.

Explaining P.E.T.'s behavior

Allan Fotheringham has explained with clarity and pathos the rather embarrassing behavior of our prime minister, Pierre Trudeau (*A Final Ramshackle Stand*, Aug. 30). As a world traveler, I have been embarrassed when asked by courteous people in many countries to explain Trudeau's frank generosity and naïveté. I sincerely wish that his parents might be arrested immediately. It is indeed a relief to leave his problem in only a simple case of glorified bad breeding.

—ANDREW PATRICK
London, Ont.

Distortion and clarification

Barbara Amiel is guilty of distortion regarding the orders-in-council that established the schedule for phasing out imports and exports in the retail trade ("The Boot for the Eclipse Terrible," Aug. 30). These orders-in-council were passed under the authority of two sets of Parliament passed in 1971 and one set passed unanimously in 1977.

—JOSEPH RHD
President,
Canadian Metal Industries
Council, Out.

Finally, somebody has said it. Petro-Canada is not Canadianization but nationalization. The independent petroleum marketers know this well. Petro-Canada is reluctant to supply the independents with petroleum products but eager to buy equity interest in our businesses.

—JAMES CONRAD
Executive Director,
Canadian Federation of Independent
Petroleum Marketers, Toronto

Archaeological discoveries

I have just received the Aug. 9 copy of *Archaeology* with your stay on our nation's "Uncovering Antiquity in Greece" (Archaeology). Some regrettable and ignorant errors have crept into the text: the regular plan of Stratonikeia has nothing to do with the Bronze Age, nor did I say that Stratonikeia would be the first planned town discovered in the mainland; others are known as Glyrosso and Halieis, for example. It is also painful to see our national news magazine guilty of such solecisms as calling the British Museum the "British Royal Museum."

—HECTOR WILLIAMS
Director,
Canadian Archaeological Institute,
Athens

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to *Letters to the Editor*, Maclean's magazine, 48 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5H 1A7.



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A premium London dry gin is made in Canada by Seagram's Canada, Inc.

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Milk, the drink children love that isn't packed with sugar.

Do you worry about your children getting too much sugar in their diets?

There's a lot of it going around.

Chocolate bars.

Flavour crystal fruit drinks, soft drinks.

Even unsweetened fruit juices have large amounts of natural sugars.

But there's one drink children love that isn't packed with sugar:

One drink that doesn't need sugar for eager acceptance.

Cold, delicious, milk.

It's something good that tastes good too.

Milk is an excellent dietary source of calcium and phosphorus, which are factors in the normal development and maintenance of bones and teeth, especially in infancy and childhood.

And milk is also an excellent dietary source of protein, which helps children grow and helps provide food energy.

As well, milk contains riboflavin and vitamins A & D.

Cold, delicious, irreplaceable milk.

It's the drink children love that isn't packed with sugar.

How much protein is in milk?

Amounts shown for: 250 ml (8 fl. oz.) glass	PROTEIN (GRAMS)	CARBOHYDRATE (GRAMS)	FAT (GRAMS)
WHOLE MILK	8	12	5(3.5%)
2% MILK	9	12	5(2%)
ORANGE JUICE FROM JUICE CONCENTRATE (UNSWEETENED)	3	In	0.00
CANED APPLE JUICE (UNSWEETENED)	1.50	32	0.00
RUMOUR CRYSTALS	0.50	27	0.00
COKE	0.50	25	0.00

SOURCE: "Nutrient Value of Some Common Foods," Health and Welfare Canada

As you can see, milk is an excellent dietary source of protein.

Protein is needed for the renewal and maintenance of body tissues and also helps provide food energy.

And milk is relatively low in natural sugars (carbohydrate) compared to many other drinks, so it may not contribute as much to tooth decay when it's drunk throughout the day.

How much fat is in milk?

Many Canadians may not be aware of the exact fat content of the milk they drink.

The fat content of all milk sold is carefully controlled.

For regular whole milk, it's 3.5%.

In other words, that rich-tasting, deliciously-smooth, whole milk you love to drink is 96.5% fat-free.

And 2% milk is 98% fat-free.

To many people, fat is a four letter word.

Yet a normal healthy diet should contain one-third fat.



Irreplaceable Milk.

A man's card is not his castle

By Barrie Hale

I was in the midafternoon of his life that B caught his first clear view of the castle. A letter had arrived, and when he opened it B discovered that some unknown authority in the service world of banking had sent \$1 to hewer upon him his first charge card, no solicited by him. Even though the card was issued 15 years ago, B notes that he can recall the manner vividly. "It was a time of great struggle. My dear wife and I had been paying off debts since university, and our two lively children had added the usual extra load to our burdens. Yet when we felt the slight emanation of that magic card and read the accompanying literature, it was as if we had been induced to join the elite, as some Renaissance vision of that shining horde high on a cliff within our grasp." The other side of the coin, that long-dead decade, is 1989. B believes at his first look at the card, that one day it would be his.

B has been living up to his responsibilities, paying his debts and so on, but after the onset of financial instability he handled the affliction with glee. But as the inflexible pathology of plastic took hold, B found himself increasingly content merely to carry his account from month to month on minimum payments. There was, however, still something in B that resisted, says part of him that remained the family banker, the payer of debts; he and his spouse took on extra work and one day B took deep pleasure in noting that their debts had been all but eliminated. "It was a tough fight, lad, but we made it," B said to his spouse that night, in their large, comfortable apartment full of new things.

This brief period of exhaustion ended abruptly with the inception of the most actively violent, manic phase, which B still affects to call "magic time." The banking authority sent B a very nice letter telling me what a good customer I was and doubling my credit limit. It was magic. I had a credit rating. I could do no wrong. Sympathetic of the phase, other potential creditors sought B out, and he responded eagerly. His expectations rose as exultantly as his credit line, and he filled out charge-card applications in restaurants, bars, hotels, gas stations—in short, wherever they were at hand, and they were everywhere. Soon B had 30 cards, a dozen, but he

knew people, he says, who had even more.

During the decide just past, it's only during a boom period which brought many new and quickly fashionable restaurants, bars and cabarets to town, and B and his friends entertained each other in most of them. Bartenders and waiters called B "the name," and at home he was a new color TV screen was alive with vital, apple-cheeked folk who daily advised him of new ways to exploit his charge card. B and his friends ate on plastic, drank on plastic, travelled, dined and generally lived on plastic.

Some, B. included, became homeowners during this period, and some, B included, underwent divorces and dissolution and settled once again in urban tenancy, where they showed their plastic on people, places and things. At the same time, B and his friends enjoyed a boom in their careers, although

One creditor sat poised over his bank account, ready to savage any small amount B. might chance to leave there

B recalls that he had begun to be wary of a way of life that he has storia, in a rare moment of clarity, characterized as the "work-hard, play-hard, drop-dead syndrome."

Nonsuchly, by now B. had accustomed himself to making only minimum monthly payments to carry his burgeoning financial load and its burgeoning interest rates. On occasion B. would exceed one or another credit line by an amount that elicited a less than sanguine response from one of the card possessors with which he now communicated. Each time this happened B. made a gallant effort and brought his indebtedness under the line, and each time he did this he was rewarded by a "thank you" on his monthly computer printout and yet another elevation of his privileged inheritance.

B's debt structure was by now vast and complex, yet he continued along the road that had been set beneath his feet, sustained by his increasing store of things and an unshakable faith that somehow the castle was still within reach, just around some as yet unper-

solved twist in the path; later, he would come to see that he had entered the territory phase of the afternoon, akin in time to the early autumn of 1989 and in kind to that shrinking phase between the 27th and 38th and Final double whisky given to Dylan Thomas shortly before he died.

The crash, crash or terminal phase intruded itself so spectrally into B's life that he barely noticed it at first. The bank slowed, then old was reverse, in B's town, in the country beyond and in B's profession. The apple-cheeked folk disappeared from the TV screen, replaced by apathetic accountants. The month arrived when B was forced to renege on even minimum payments to some creditors, and he could not satisfy either the next month or the next. The ward pressurized and their masters began to believe "the rats in heat," in B's bitter words. One creditor even posted over his bank account, ready to seize his home. B. had a chance to leave, others left at all hours of the day, to claim him as a deadbeat, still others sent "agents" to his door to confiscate one plastic wiper or another, and soon threatened B with litigation, raising the spectre of garnished wages and fines ("We'll find a somewhere," a shrill collector piped in his ear one evening as attachment of his property for sale at a sheriff's auction).

Finally, B., who had been living in acute panic from one borrowed \$10 bill to the next, began to sell some of his "property," the things he had accumulated along the way. The appearance of due court judgments, against which he had no defense but his native susceptibility to the blandishments of bankers—that is, no defense at all—began to recede.

Today, B. has but one charge card, which he uses sparingly, if at all, and may be found by the roadside during the evening rush hour seeking directions from the passers-by, some of whom are worse off than he is, even further from possession of the castle than when they first began the quest. A curiously fascinating progression in taste indicated—as long as B. continues to resort nostalgic memories of his pretension to membership in the middle class, which, he must understand, are only constitutional memories after all.

Barrie Hale is a freelance writer living in Toronto.

HENKES LIQUEUR
Jubilee

Henkes Margarita
Henkes Espresso Martini
Henkes Coffee

Dutchlicious!

HENKES

Starring a schizophrenic

For two years Susan Sheehan, a staff writer for *The New Yorker* magazine, immersed herself in the netherworld of mental illness. Travelling between her trouped home in Washington, D.C., and Creedmoor Psychiatric Center in New York City, Sheehan shared the life of a colorful and unstable schizophrenic whom she calls Sylvia. The result was a critically acclaimed book, *In There No Place Like It*, a harrowing, detailed account of growing up insane in North America. Her experience with Sylvia—who has been in and out of institutions for most of her 31 years—left Sheehan appalled by the insipidity of professionals and support staff and by the needless prescriptions of drugs. Maclean's contributing editor William Lowther spoke with Sheehan in Washington.

Maclean's Why did you write this book?

Sheehan One reason was that I wanted to give people a more accurate picture of mental illness. There are a lot of misconceptions. For example, the rate of violence among mental patients, including schizophrenics, is much higher or lower than the rate among the population at large. So it would never occur to a crime like it just another escape from society—so many mental patients are—the victim rather than the victimizer.

Maclean's Why did you pick her?

Sheehan I was given total cooperation by the bureaucrats running New York State mental illness facilities. It was difficult to find a subject because most patients have egos that are too fragile to withstand a couple of years of intensive questioning. But I kept hearing about this woman, Jewish of Hasidic extraction, who would be just perfect. And one day she walked in. She had a strong one, and I knew that I could do the book without hurting her. But she is also very representative of people with schizophrenia. She was in adolescence when the disease first began. Now, at various times, she thinks she is Barth David, a Hasid, married to Ned Diamond and the creator of the Mappes.

Maclean's How did she react to the idea of the book?

Sheehan She was thrilled. She had always wanted to be a star, and this seemed to her to be one way of doing it. She introduced us all over and very proudly said that it was her biography. I guess most people thought it was



Sheehan. The sadness & terrible
particular delusion.

Maclean's Was there not a real that she and others would just plug a part specifically for your affection?

Sheehan No, I just became part of the wallpaper. You can watch cat farm a daily columnist or a weekly journalist, but for one who is working in your you

If each doctor in private practice took one psychotic or schizophrenic, then more people would be helped

can't keep your guard up. You finally start behaving the way you behave. It's far too much effort not to. And people don't seem to think what they are doing is wrong. I sat at the Peacock's dinner table, while Sylvia's mother, who had suffered a great deal as a result of her daughter's mental illness, pretty much told her to commit suicide, to jump on the railroad tracks. Some of the terrible things she said to her daughter are in the book, but after it was published the only complaint Mrs. Peacock had was that I had used her real age and said she

dyed her hair. Sylvia really likes the book, and that was my main concern.

Maclean's What can we learn from the book?

Sheehan We can learn what an imperfect science psychiatry is by seeing how poorly doctors diagnose mental illness. The majority of psychiatric patients end up in state or provincial hospitals as either how well-do-they stand out. Private care now costs up their money, and the charges are high that is public hospitals that will be treated by foreign doctors who have this terrible barrier of language and culture. When someone says that she is Mary Poppins, they don't know who Mary Poppins is. They are thus unable to understand the delusion, and there is great danger of a wrong diagnosis and, sooner or later, wrong medication.

Maclean's What can be done about that?

Sheehan Well, very often the best North American doctors work in lucrative private practice creating neurotics. It's a lot more rewarding. Maybe if each doctor in private practice took one psychotic or schizophrenic, or if they gave an hour or two a week to working in public hospitals, then more people would be helped. As it is, we are abandoning the people who are in the worst shape to the worst doctors.

Maclean's What hope is there for Sylvia Peacock and others like her?

Sheehan If they keep up medication and get good psychiatry, things can get better. With a number of people the illness eventually seems to burn out. They become less tormented by their delusions and feel more quiet. As a result of the medication, Sylvia found a good psychiatrist. I wouldn't be surprised if she had another psychotic break in the next few weeks or months. It may be possible to get rid of the symptoms of delusion, but the underlying social delusions will not be so responsive. Schizophrenics are unlikely to marry or ever be good at everyday relationships. Even when they are well stabilized they can't handle demanding jobs.

Maclean's What will you remember most about your journey into schizophrenia?

Sheehan The thing I learned most from her was about survival and the strength of the human spirit. To go on living while mentally ill is really a lot harder than most things you can think of. So many of the things that Sylvia said will stay with me always. She said that had a life with a husband and children and credit cards and a job would be wonderful. And she added that when you knew these things were for other people, but not for you, then sometimes it was very hard to endure the net having. She realized her plight. The sadness is terrible. □

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DATELINE: BRAZIL

Jinxed in the jungle

By Brian Kelly and Mark London

Along the boardwalk main street of Belo Horizonte, a remote and rocky jungle town of pastel-painted shacks and bars in northern Brazil, the signs of fading prosperity are everywhere. The pool tables and bars are woefully empty; the shops still offer cheap vinyl luggage and plastic sheets, but there are few buyers, and the prostitutes are getting one or two customers a night instead of the eight or 10 of a year ago.

Across the dark, swift Jaci River, where a pulp mill and power plant dominate the horizon, it still looks like a boomtown. But even in boomtown there is fear. Fear that since Daniel K. Ludwig, the reclusive American billionaire, has walked away from his dream of turning a patch of Amazon jungle into an industrial empire, the dreams will be allowed to die. "We are beating the jungle," said John Zweibel, head of Jaci's

forestry operation. "We solved the scientific problems but we couldn't solve the political ones."

Probably the largest and most expensive entrepreneurial venture ever attempted by one man, Jaci, as the project is known, was plagued with problems from its beginning in 1968. Possessing a critical shortage in world demand for food and fiber in the 1980s, Ludwig purchased four million acres of land in Brazil for \$5 million. In an experiment on a



Wood-drumming power plant docked in Brazil from Japan. "We are beating the jungle."

scale no scientist and few governments could attempt, Ludwig proved that it was possible to take the virgin rain forest and use it to grow food and special timber, to mine minerals and construct a city—all in an area that once produced nothing but Brazil nuts. By any measure, his accomplishments are staggering: a self-contained community of 35,000, 48 hours by boat from the nearest city, with a hospital, schools, an airport, a 4,000-km network of roads, a

BALLY

40 km railway and a desalination plant. In addition to the mill and power plant, there are 285,000 acres of productive forest, a healthy rose, 4,000 head of cattle, 6,000 buffaloes and 94,500 acres of rice fields—all, until recently, owned by Ludwig.

In the end, however, the many obstacles encountered along the way, from the inappropriateness of the angle to that of Brazilian political leaders, made Jan smaller than even Ludwig—assured to be the wealthiest man in the world—could afford. He never did farm a profit, and early this year Ludwig—now 86 and

bedridden—virtually gave it away to a group of top Brazilian banks, insurance companies, contractors and investment houses, in exchange for his debt. His executives say that he has written off a loss of almost \$1 billion.

In the great forests that Ludwig planted, the disease still severs very much alive. "Now tell me where you are," says forester Charles Bruson, as he stands in the middle of a grove of towering pine trees he planted eight years ago. "You will see if this looks like the jungle or New England." One of Ludwig's ambitions was to plant trees "like



Ludwig: absorbing a \$1-billion loss

you plant corn in Iowa," says Bruson. To that end, he sent a team of researchers around the world to search for the perfect tree. He settled on the mafimba, a fast-growing native of Southeast Asia which the British had cultivated in Nigeria.

But the Amazon—about which little is known—was a formidable opponent. The foresters found that the heavy bulldozers used to clear the land destroyed the thin topsoil and made planting impossible in some areas. When it was discovered that mafimba did not grow well on sandy soil—which makes up more than half of the Jari land—the foresters brought in Caribbean pine, which adapted well. Today the forest is divided among three species: mafimba, pine and sandalwood. "All the major bugs are out of this operation," Heck, we can grow a tree here in four years that takes 50 in England," says Edward King, the last of a long line of Ludwig's general managers, who is now 80 years old.

Also functioning well is the pulp mill, an engineering feat that shows Ludwig's keen interest in inventing the superlative, at his most brilliant. When he decided it would be too difficult to construct a mill on the site, he built it at a Japanese shipyard, then floated all 30 million kg of it across the Indian Ocean, around the Cape of Good Hope, across the Atlantic and up the Amazon. He did the same with the hydro power plant, which saves Jari \$88 million a year by buying trees.

To further agricultural research, Ludwig assembled a team of academic young economists and gave them an enormous budget. The results is a huge mechanized, non-growing operation which produces crop yields twice as high as the rest of the world, says King. "What is frustrating is the potential of this place that people don't realize. There is nowhere in the world today with so much available—land, rain, sea



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What is doubly frustrating to King and the others is that just when they felt they had the natural obstacles in hand, a series of human barriers arose to knock them down. "I will not say the jungle beat Mr. Ludwig," says Zweede. "We beat ourselves a little, and the Bravais beat us a little."

Some critics say that the biggest problem at Jaru was the arrogance and impatience of the exuberant himself. Ludwig wanted everything done yesterday and had an expensive habit of changing plans in midstream. The fury to get Jaru moving also made him blind to the changes in Brazilian society. Since 1968 the country has moved from a classic South American dictatorship to the edge of democracy, with the first elections in almost two decades scheduled for this November. As opponents of the government began to test their new political muscle, a favorite name became the unintentional presence of the American filibuster in the wilderness. Ludwig's passion for survey meant that wild rumors abounded. Jaru was a slave camp controlled by U.S. Greenpeace, Ludwig was smuggling gold out, he planned to secede from Brazil. "There was no way to control them," says Zweede. "We had not kept up our friendships in the government."

Conscience erupted when the Brazilian bureaucracy began to challenge Ludwig's title to his lands, making him ineligible for most bank financing and government subsidy programs. In August, 1980, he wrote a 17-page letter to the government, claiming he needed help to pay the wages of 300 families for schools, hospitals and other services. Top officials dragged their feet; the press treated the letter as an exercise in obfuscation, and Ludwig responded that the handwriting on the wall read "You Are Go Home."

The rubberbaron was going to walk away and lock the gate behind him. But Bravais' planning minister, Antônio Delmão Neto, purchased 50 of the country's largest industries into taking it over. Their reluctance to participate has raised doubts about Jaru's future. Established enterprises such as the pulp mill and the laundry wage will undoubtedly survive and could even make money, now that the government is paying some of the community surviving costs previously borne by Ludwig. But his ambitions for the future—a hydroelectric dam, logistic coasting and a paper plant, to name a few—have been placed on the shelf. Some of Ludwig's managers have stayed on for the transition, but all are dependent. "My big, gosh-worth," says Zweede, "is if this project goes down the tubes, it will be a long time before anyone tries something like this again." □

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Q&A: MICHAEL SABOM

Dead men telling tales

When U.S. cardiologist Michael Sabom read about the phenomena known as "near-death experiences" in 1975, his first reaction was that the claims seemed ridiculous. Still, to satisfy his curiosity, Sabom—then studying at the University of Florida—and a colleague decided to ask heart patients who had survived a close brush with death if they could recall anything extraordinary from the period when they were physically unconscious. To Sabom's surprise many said they could. Excited by these results, he embarked on a five-year scientific investigation, the results of which were published earlier this year in a controversial book, *Encounters of Death*. Dr. Sabom spoke with MacLean's contributing editor Pat O'Leary about his contributing editor Pat O'Leary about his

MacLean's: Could you describe a near-death experience?

Sabom: We found three different types. The first is the out-of-body pattern, in

'They feel as if their consciousness is moving through a void, then a bright light, then into a beautiful space'

which people lose consciousness and then feel as if their consciousness has separated from the physical body so that they can actually look down on themselves and the surroundings just as a ghost does. They are floating down in the room free from ceiling height. Associated with this is a tremendous feeling of peace, which they contrast with their physical body being reconstructed through what appears to be some painful physical procedure. At the point of reactivation, then, they feel as if their consciousness reposes their physical body and they are alert and awake in their ordinary state.

The second type is the transdimensional near-death experience. Again, they lose consciousness, then feel as if their consciousness is moving through a dark region or void, then through a bright light, and at that point another beautiful type of environment opens up before them. At times, deceased relatives and friends, or religious figures come to meet them and communicate that it is not their time to be there and that they

must return. At this point they somehow return the physical body and the next thing they realize, they are awake, after the reactivation. The third type, very briefly, is the out-of-body part first, the transcendental part second, and the two run together without any intervening time.

MacLean's: How can you explain these experiences?

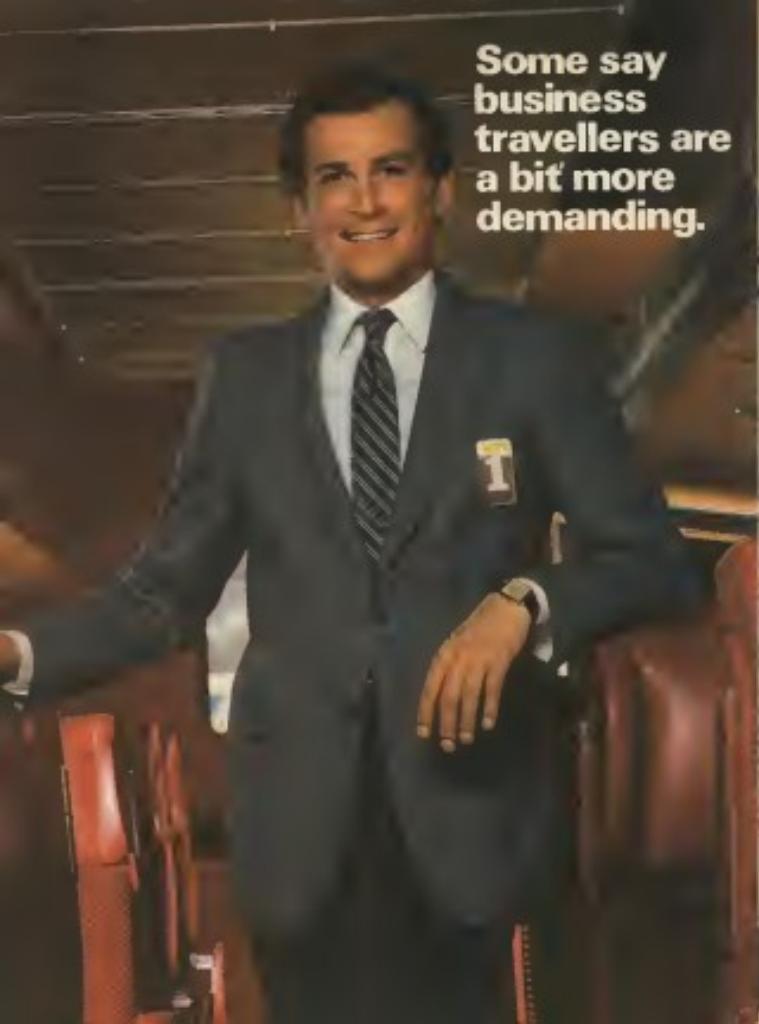
Sabom: In my book I spend quite a bit of time referring to work done by some prominent neuroscientists, such as Dr. Wilder Penfield who was at the Montreal Neurological Institute. He wrote a book entitled *The Mystery of the Mind* before his death in 1976. In it he said that, after devoting a lifetime to research into the human brain, he felt that our everyday waking consciousness could not be totally explained by the physical anatomic structure of the human brain—that there was a nonphys-

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and mind mechanism that interacted with the physical brain as a computer-like mechanism. What I have proposed is that, if Penfield was right in this, perhaps during the process of dying, a trigger mechanism causes a split to occur between this nonphysical mind and physical brain. Of course this is all speculation, but it would be a way of explaining how somebody could look at things from a point distant from the physical body itself.

Moskowitz: What were you able to determine anonymously about these experiences?

Sabine: First of all, I now know that the experience is occurring in a sizable number of people. We found it in 43 percent of 78 patients we interviewed. Secondly, for the out-of-body experience, where people claim to be able to see what's going on in a room during a resuscitation, I have been able to go back and look at their medical records or talk to physicians or nurses there at the time and compare the accounts. In many instances those are an extreme degree of accuracy. And, furthermore, I have been able to see if there was some physical way they could have known that information after their having "seen it from the ceiling." In the seven cases I analyzed in my book, I was not able to find any alternative way they could have known about this information unless they had actually somehow really perceived it.

Moskowitz: Can you give an example?

Sabine: One man had a cardiac arrest during the night and fell down on his body and then could not move the hallway. His wife and two of his six children were just entering the hallway, and he was there in distress. She had no planned or conscious route to the hospital that night so she didn't know how he could have known. Also, he knew which of the six children were there, which was unusual because they came in different combinations.

Moskowitz: Was there not a well-verified case that you did not see in your book?

Sabine: That was told to me by a respiratory therapist at another hospital in Atlanta who had helped resuscitate a man who had suffered a cardiac arrest. The next day the therapist went in to check on him, and the patient said, "You're the man who helped do the resuscitation." The therapist had come into the room after the man had lost consciousness, so this kind of pagan sort of intent, and he asked, "How do you know who I am?" And the guy said,

"During the resuscitation I looked down at what was going on in the room." He told the respiratory therapist that during the resuscitation there was a woman who was having difficulty getting a plastic lack off a cart and that the spirit reached out of his back pocket and



Sabine: something like gravity

headed her a pair of scissors to turn the lock off. The therapist was dumbfounded because that is indeed what he did. And this man had a black mark and blemish over his face at the time and so he could not have seen it from where he was lying.

Moskowitz: Do you feel, then, that you have successfully verified the out-of-body experiences?

Sabine: I think I have made a start at it. I'm very much aware of the instantaneous of what I have done. I'm dealing with a small number of cases that cannot be reproduced, because they're one-shot deals. They're important, but we need much more data. When you start talking about the transdimensional portions of the experience, however, there is no possible way of verifying the accuracy of that.

Moskowitz: What do the patients say about the transdimensional part? Do they feel it is a hallucination or a dream?

Sabine: Oh, in particular, people who had the combined experience say that the transdimensional was just as real as the out-of-body, and they make a big point of that. I asked many of these people to compare the near-death experience to dreams, and they said it was nothing like a dream; it was as real as you and I sitting here in the room talking to one another.

Moskowitz: What effect does the experience have on people afterwards?

Sabine: The people I have talked to have felt that the transdimensional experience was a glimmer of the afterlife. And if a religious figure had been encountered, at times people became, as you might expect, very religious after their experience. Of course it's very meaningful when their dead mother or father or brother or somebody they thought very highly of was encountered. But I guess

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The overall gist is an extremely peaceful, ecstatic event, and most of them truly believe that this is what they're going to go back through when they finally die. That leaves them with a sense of peace and very little fear of death. As a matter of fact, we interviewed death-anxious gastronomists to the near-death people and also to those who merely blocked out and woke up, and demonstrated a clear difference in their fear of dying after the near-death experience. It was often dramatic.

MacLean: Does the perception of the near-death experience suggest to you that there is an afterlife?

Sabom: The patients I have followed seem to be living their lives more fully. They're less preoccupied with their personal problems or the prospect of death but are more interested in their family life. They're less interested in material pursuits or achieving things at work.

MacLean: Does the perception of the near-death experience suggest to you that there is an afterlife?

Sabom: It's the person who had the experience, it's a glimpse of an afterlife. But if I'm asked as a physician and a scientist, in me, a scientist, they weren't physically dead, so the experience they had was an experience of near-death and not after-death. I think that these experiences are consistent with the possibility of an afterlife but certainly do not prove the existence of an afterlife. **MacLean:** Were people eager to talk about it?

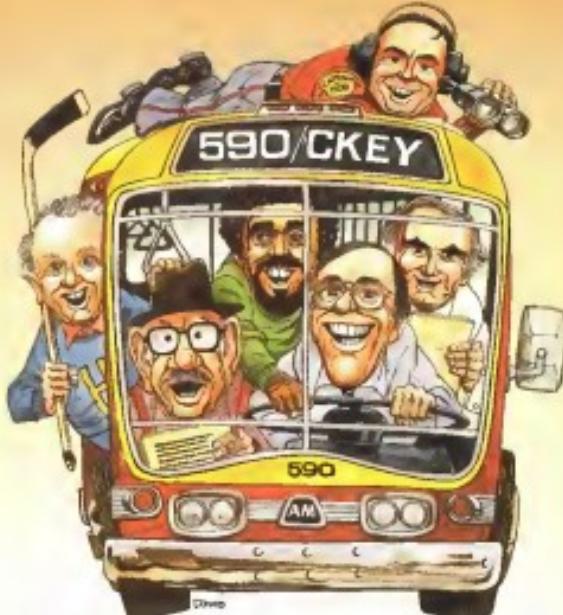
Sabom: Many of these people were reluctant. The reason was that they knew themselves what had happened to them; they felt it was very real and meaningful. But at the same time they had enough sense to know that if they told somebody else it would be very difficult, if not impossible, for this other person to take them seriously.

MacLean: Are accountants and doctors taking it seriously now?

Sabom: For the most part, no. And I think that is unfortunate.

MacLean: Why?

Sabom: First of all, because it's important to continue with the research. This is the easiest we're going to get to determining what the process of dying is like, and I think we all wonder about that. Biologically and philosophically, I think it brings up questions about the mind and the brain and the splitting of the two, whether we are dualistic beings, as Freud suggested. Certainly that's an important concept. If even though it is shown that there is a nonphysical mind that can split apart from the physical body, this is going to shatter many of the laws of gravity and physics that we are held by at the only way I think it will enlarge our way of looking at life and the human potential. ☐



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A little shuffle on the deck



(From left) MacGuigan, MacEachen, Schreyer, Trudeau, Civilian, Lalonde and Austin; after the Oct. 11 shuffle

By John Hay

Pierre Trudeau himself was probably skeptical about the political value of his "little jewel" of a cabinet shuffle last week. Most people, he observes, don't know what minister has which job anyway. "They probably read [about it] in the newspaper," he added, "and then forget them." Nor did the five-man switch forestall any great shifts in policies. Trudeau sat after the swearing-in at Government House. Rather, the top ranks of his 36-member cabinet were rearranged for a single, simple reason: to enable Allan MacEachen to leave the finance department. For MacEachen, as well as his critics, it was reason enough.

Having endured the finance ministry for 2½ stormy years since the 1984 election, MacEachen returns to the comparatively calm of External Affairs—a portfolio he relished when he was minister there between 1973 and 1976. Reheaving him at Finance is hard-nosed Marc Lalonde, who is (with MacEachen) one of the two ministers chosen to Trudeau's new following story. Jean Chrétien recently moved over to replace Lalonde at Energy, to deal with a touchy federal

industry and near-may producing government—and to cultivate his ambition to become prime minister after Trudeau retires again. In moving, Chrétien also sheds his part-time portfolio as minister of state for social development, which is assumed by Senator Jacob Austin of British Columbia. Completing the circle is Mark MacGuigan, transferring from External to succeed Chrétien at Justice.

As they plodded into 1993 from their newly acquired offices, none of the ministers was about to break any new policy ground. Lalonde, for one, said he wants to advance in "the general direction" of the policies laid down in MacEachen's June budget—no doubt because his appointment assures the business community and Washington by chance. Statistics Canada had an unusual hours earlier that unemployment reached a post-Depression record of 13.2 per cent in August, which Lalonde called "a great tragedy."

One of Chrétien's first jobs at Energy will be to seek a settlement of the oft-stalemated dispute with Newfoundland. He was non-committal about the fate of Denis Potvin, whose multi-billion-dollar bank debts have led to

some calls for government help—nothing the cabinet has yet decided.

Having been lifted from back-bench obscurity into the glimmering External Affairs post in 1986, MacGuigan could be assumed for having mixed feelings about moving over to Justice. But it is, he said, "an exciting challenge" and, for the son of a judge of the P.E.I. Supreme Court, "a lifelong ambition." In fact, Justice badly needs some ministerial attention. For years it has been run part-time by ministers with other tasks—most recently by Chrétien, who spent most of the past two years as the Constitution. A former law professor, MacGuigan does an important first ministers conference on the Constitution next year (with native rights the chief issue) and will take charge of a planned overhaul of the Criminal Code.

Austin, on the other hand, takes over not a big department but a committee—one of the leftist in the Trudeau cabinet. As chairman of social development, the amateur, a sometime chief of Trudeau's staff, will oversee spending of some \$30.2 billion this year—nearly 48 per cent of total government outlays, in programs ranging from family

Maclean's

allowances to veterans' pensions.

For his part, the dour MacEachern, now 61, gave every sign of enjoying his release from Finance, a department desperately in need of revival. "The leaving of the portfolio is one of the happier events associated with it," he allowed to reporters. Some Liberals muttered darkly that he had been pealed from the department because he was not sufficiently enough to peddle the *Second-Five* anti-inflation campaign. But he and the prime minister both declared that the shift was MacEachern's idea, the timing based partly on the open public reception of his June budget. Trudeau recalled his promise to MacEachern in 1976 of someday sending him back to External, and MacEachern "wanted it proved with new."

In fact, Trudeau's mind was not made up easily. He discussed possible cabinet



Trudeau and Lévesque in 1980: Together to the end, but never at dinner

shifts with MacEachern several times during the summer and began raising the subject with selected senior ministers in his last month. Forcing his decision was the inexorable pull of the ideological currents—especially the need to install new apparatus for key meetings this week of the powerful cabinet committee on priorities and planning. At least one of the ministers involved—MacGregor—did not leave finally of his own will until the evening before they were all sworn in by Gov. Gen. Edward Schreyer. The PM plays a longer game—a longer penitence before Parliament resumes sitting Oct. 23—more names, perhaps, for the public to forget.

With Mary Janigan in Ottawa

An early riser for Finance

The telephone call was one of those small, telling moments upon which political history sometimes pivots. Pierre Trudeau told Paul Lévesque little more than that he wanted him to replace André MacEachern as finance minister. But that alone spoke volumes. What did not have to be stated between the two old comrades-in-arms was that Trudeau now intends to stay, at least for a year and perhaps two. Since Lévesque would work for no other political leader, Trudeau would never ask him to take the job on a temporary basis. Nor would he ask Lévesque the activist to be a mere caretaker—an undertaker—for the nation's faltering economy. And while Lévesque promised nervous assurances that "this is no

No finance minister in recent memory has come to the job less encumbered by suspicion. "Why should I spend time selling myself?" he once said to MacEachern. "Whatever I do next, I won't have to be loved by society to do it."

Such bullet-straight logic leads many people to view him as coldly and infamously implausible. But Lévesque's constituents suggest that the man may have mellowed in his years as energy minister. Since he was forced to make revisions to his much-heralded National Energy Program (NEP), they suggest that he may be less confident in his ability to perceive solutions and ballyhoo others into accepting them. He will probably consult far more widely than the inherently shy MacEachern and be prone to make a serious effort to bring the leaders of organized labor back to the discussion table from which Trudeau isolated them.

The Lévesque staff has learned to live with a working day that starts at 7:30 a.m. and habitually ends at midnight. The finance department was served unexpected notice of this new regime when Lévesque telephoned Friday morning for briefing books he could deliver before his nine o'clock swearing-in by Gov. Gen. Edward Schreyer. While he has trouble defining what makes his relationship with Trudeau tick, Lévesque does sense that he shares with the prime minister a philosophy of "giving yourself to the task, tuning yourself." Trudeau was educated under the parental dispensation of priests. Lévesque prefers himself to having been the order's Montreal lawyer. "That's the furthest terminology from there, that they would have someone they hadn't trained," he once joked.

Ahead from the NEP, the Liberals have been unable to delineate any coherent economic framework except their *unter-in-the-difference* adherence to the *Second-Five* program. Lévesque's new ministry is expected to be as broad as the one he had at Energy—to get the mess cleared up. To the dismay of business, he is a man whose relentless energy demands that he seek solutions. With his apparently interest in advancing his political career, those solutions may turn out to be rough justice but they will probably be more honest than any Ottawa has offered to far. Most certainly there will be no bucking away from the principle of economic nationalism in which the NEP is rooted. As Trudeau and Lévesque exit public life together, it will be Lévesque who leading the way, as it was when they started their Ottawa careers together nearly two decades ago.

—IAN ANTHONY in Ottawa



Class at St. Kevin's (above). Deschênes: an accent on individualism
QUEBEC

Back to school in both tongues

On an anglophone observer in Quebec Superior Court last week briefly waved a cleaned fist in triumph when Chief Justice John Deschênes' long-awaited judgment upheld the supremacy of the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms over the province's Charter of the French Language. The immediate consequence by Province Real Lévesque that flowed from Quebec City and a court challenge planned by the Parti Québécois government moved the old Quebec-Canada debate back onto the沸ent berate. The heat was turned on in Montreal, where Deschênes ruled that Quebec's attempt to ban English-speaking Canadians from English schools in the province is unconstitutional and unconstitutional response to the wish to protect French culture. To add salt to injury, Deschênes criticized the Quebec government—on whose unwilling jurisdiction the new Constitution was imposed—for flitting with totalitarianism.

At issue were the education provisions of Quebec's five-year-old language law, Bill 101. With a few exceptions, they restrict access to English schools in Quebec only to children of parents who were educated in English in the province. The Federal Charter of Rights, which Deschênes ruled takes precedence, guarantees English-language schooling in Quebec to children of Canadian citizens educated in English according to the Charter of Rights provides that Canadian-born children who have already studied in English outside Quebec—or whose brothers and sisters have done so—are also eligible for English schools in Quebec. Lévesque said that Deschênes' judgment buried Quebec back more than a decade to freedom of choice in the language of education. He argued that anglophones who do not have the right to send their children to English schools in Quebec might now enrol a child briefly in an Ontario school, as the whole family could claim to qualify under the charter for an English education in Quebec. Whatever happens, 1,600 other children in Quebec, so-called "diaspora," who have defied the law to attend English schools, may now also benefit from the education provisions in the Charter of Rights. Lévesque has advised parents not to register their children pending appeal, even though three Montreal area school boards have voted to admit them.

Quebec argues that the education provisions of Bill 101 fall within the definition of a "reasonable" restriction of rights and liberties in a "free and democratic society" as stated in Art. 2 of the Charter of Rights. But Deschênes ruled "Every individual in Canada and Quebec must enjoy all his rights, he alone or as a member of a group, and if the group has 100 members, the headright is as much a birthright to benefit from all the privileges of citizenship as the 99 others."

Deschênes also sharply rejected the argument that French culture would be markedly hurt by allowing a few hundred children into English schools. Quebec's argument conjures up a picture of a totalitarian conception of society to which the Court cannot adhere," he wrote.

Bill 101's avowed purpose is to make Quebec an exclusively English-speaking society.

The irony of the challenge to the education provisions is that even those children who now have the right to attend English schools in Quebec will have to learn French if they want to work in the province when they graduate. In the same fashion, French expatriates in other provinces, whose right to education in their own language—where numbers warrant—is also covered by the Canadian charter, will find they must learn English to work outside Quebec.

—ANNE BELANGER
in Montreal



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—ANNE BELANGER
in Montreal

On a roll toward an election

Although British Columbia's economy continues to slide—38,000 workers were without jobs in August, the government faces a \$3-billion deficit, and more walkouts by government employees loom—Premier William Bennett is in a roll. The slimmed-down Bennett (nowis three times a week) looks and sounds like a man in training for an election, which must pundits expect on Oct. 10. After months of spin-doctoring an self-inflicted wounds, Bennett and his troops are finally profiting from a combination of luck and good timing. With the troublesome constitutional issue out of the way, Bennett was first among the premiers to tackle the economy by introducing

(B.C.) with little room to move. The unions tried an eight-day strike in August and a one-day walkout Sept. 1. But, amazingly, the result was a flood of outraged telephone calls to radio stations, shows about shattered paper sheets. Said Shirley Stoerker, an open-TV show producer: "Many people were angry when John Fryer screwed up and had picket lines blocking their signs to superintendents during the one-day strike—especially after he said he wasn't going to increase the public." Fryer, acting general secretary, then had embarrassment added to public grandstanding when government negotiations leaked a transcript of his bargaining-table talk, and the two, re-

duced by \$100 million by 1983 and hospital beds closed—have sparked public outrage. But Bennett knows that polls, one by The Vancouver Sun, reveal that there is general approval of his restraint program. In an interview with Maclean's last week, the premier said that he was pleasantly surprised when more than 4,000 doctors and dentists fell into line with the guidelines. The doctors agreed to return \$10 million in earned incomes—\$8,000 per physician—rather than roll back a 14-percent fee increase to six per cent. Bennett observes that in a province where most workers in a lumber town such as Fort Alberta are unemployed, job security enjoyed by civil servants is a questionable benefit. He asserts that he loses no sleep over the prospect of imposing a settlement if necessary. "I'm involved," Bennett says. "I'm the premier of the province and eventually, if at the bar-



Bennett (left) and Barrett are now already down and in training; the other保持着 silence to possible alienation

during restraint and incentives programs in February.

The pay cuts in the province's 218,000 public employees received the most ink and attention, but even the premier did not imagine that his offer of a maximum 14-per-cent yearly increase would prove too high. Reviewees from a provincial review board to measure exports continued to fall, and, by July, Bennett unilaterally reduced the expectations of government employees by adopting a version of Ottawa's plan for six- and five-per-cent wage increases for civil servants. At the same time, Bennett has retained his status as a hero in Ottawa by claiming that his program is more flexible, allowing higher increases in return for increased productivity.

The tactics have left the 40,000-member B.C. Government Employees Union

dazed almost (legible by deleted options), showed up in The Vancouver Sun. With the workers back on the job, the government refused to go beyond a 6.5-per-cent increase. In desperation, the unions in turn appealed to the powerful B.C. Federation of Labor for help. The federation came through last week, pledging to take its 200,000 members of the job in a series of voting strikes. But Federation President Jim Kavanagh does not want a province-wide general strike against wage restraints—not yet, anyway. That would hand Bennett an election issue in a manner that once served the Soviets and his father, the late premier W.A.C. Bennett, so well in the past: who runs the province—government or the unions?

Government cuts in social services—a welfare program has been scrapped, school budgets must be re-

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gavincial tax in buying the bonds. At the same time, the government is likely to guarantee first-time home buyers that they will pay no more than 12 per cent interest rates on their mortgages, a government subsidy. The difference is, depending market basis? "What can people want in security?" says Bennett.

In fact, the opposition is less concerned about housing than by geography—that is, the stage of the electoral cycle. When Bennett succeeds the legislature—with its 36 Social Credit and 86 NDP members—for an unusual full session this week, he could seek a majority to rubber stamp a policy by former B.C. Tory leader Eldon Warren that proposes to add a second new member to an existing constituency and a third to another.

Dave Barrett, the once volatile leader of a party that depends heavily on union support, has been almost muted on the dispute between the government and its workers, preferring silence to possible alienation. But he exhibits a similar reserve on the matter of election boundaries. "[In the report] it reads," he said.

It has been a frustrating summer for the NDP. Months of powerful criticism of cabinet ministers' lavish spending on expensive securities—it ended when two ministers were sacked on Aug. 20—was almost forgotten when Minister Gary Lask embarrassed himself by wrongly predicting that the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce was about to go into receivership.

For Bennett, propagator of the only working mega-project still alive in the country—the \$3-billion Northeast Coal Development in the Peace River country—the termination of a full election seems preferable. But even before the call, in fact, rumors were circulating that government members had rented campaign headquarters and were printing brochures. Overseeing the whole enterprise at a discreet distance was Bennett's Little Blue Machine, a group of Ontario engineers from the William Darrin design bureau. One of the key players is Patrick Kelly, a man who was engineered through 1978 to manage government in Ontario. "He is now Bennett's top negotiator," said Ontario engineer inside Jerry Lask, a Tory engineer in eastern Ontario who was a member of the Second party bus, and Norman Beaton, a factory executive who was also with Davis. Both engineering organizations almost lost the Second the last election. Now the eastern specialists, backed by the most robust poll taken by Toronto-based Tory pollster Allan Gregg, are boasting that it will not happen again—at least if Bennett goes when he is told.

MALCOLM GRAY in Vancouver

The Heritage of vested interest

Last spring Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed was worried: the province's economic situation was deteriorating rapidly, the conservative Western Canada Council had elected an anti-Lougheed majority, and private polls showed the Conservative slogan "down to the people" was popular. Then, Lougheed led his loyal followers on among the voters and ushered citizens in hopes of getting back in touch with a province that he has ruled unchanged for 11 years. The days over, Lougheed

is a result, Lougheed's program will, over the next two years, offer to stabilize mortgage payments to a rate of 12.5 per cent for as many as 225,000 homeowners—a move that seemingly transfers to federal responsibility for monetary policy. These now paying 17.5 per cent interest on a \$50,000 mortgage, for example, will get a \$220 subsidy each month. At the same time, the rate for an estimated 115,000 farm and small-business loans will be cut to 14.5 per cent.

The cash injection had other potential benefits for Lougheed as well. The swelling trust fund has been a growing problem for the premier, who has迟迟不决 about a policy that permits the government to hoard billions of dollars while ordinary citizens suffer. Lougheed's announcement created a frantic atmosphere in Edmonton's plain Government House, where a small group of business leaders was invited to view the speech. His office also reported a "moderate" flood of calls the following day, all supporting the plan.

But opposition spokesmen, who have been pushing their own form of mortgage aid for months, were quick to call Lougheed's scheme a cynical, discriminatory and expensive pre-election giveaway. They charged that the assistance will give most help to comfortable homeowners and least to those in need of aid. Critics also maintained that the plan will do little to alleviate house construction. For their part, business associations complained that the new policies ignore rural areas that a number of Albertans live in, and that Lougheed's proposal regarding them has been rejected. "People vote because an scheme will make it easier for them to buy—and that gives business owners incentive to spend well before the election."

Despite the new program, Lougheed still strongly maintains that he does not like subsidies. "The role of government is not to intervene," he said, "but these are special circumstances." Meanwhile, he wants Ottawa to cut interest rates across Canada, making his scheme unnecessary. For one, however, voters and politicians in the rest of the country—who have no Heritage Trust Fund—can only look on with envy and hope that mortgage rates will continue to fall by themselves.

—PIERRE GOREAU in Edmonton



Lougheed: fruits of the summer quest

last week booked an hour of prime-time prime-time television to reveal the fruits of the summer quest.

The message was loud and clear. Lougheed dipped into the previous \$1-billion Heritage Trust Fund and came up with a heating-45-billion assistance program for hard-pressed mortgage holders. With an election expected no later than next spring, Lougheed clearly was determined to avoid being hurt by a sharp economic downturn. But more stimulus was needed, said Lougheed, in order to bring down record



Brian Bentley and妻, Sharon Sturzak. "You just don't hear their families."

Still missing without a trace

Agnes Soultner has been feeling the gerbil and the badge, watching the plants and packing the visiting relatives and members of the Westbank, B.C., home next to Eberle, of the neighboring Robert Johnson family. But neither Soultner nor anyone else in the suburb knew last week whether or not the Johnsons will ever come home again. Johnson, 44, his wife Jacqueline, 40, daughters Janet, 15, and Karen, 12, along with Jacqueline's parents George and Edith Bentley, mysteriously vanished six weeks ago.

The Johnsons were last seen on Aug. 6 at the home of friends in Red Deer, Alta., where they set off to meet the Bentleys—George, 66, and Edith, 58—who were camping at the Wells Gray Provincial Park in the Coquihalla-Hope River area of central British Columbia, 800 km northeast of Vancouver. Whether or not the two families actually joined up is not clear. What they went afterward is not clear. "It was like a real pageant," said Clearwater RCMP Sgt. Frank Burritt. "I have never come across anything like this in my career."

Burritt was not the only one interested. It was also alarmed by the disappearance of a team of volunteers searching, aided by helicopters and fixed-wing aircraft, covered more than 5,000 square miles of logging roads and rugged wilderness trails three hours west of the B.C. interior and southwestern Alberta. But they failed to uncover a sign of either people or vehicles. The massive air search was launched on Aug. 30,

Station 26 KMM-TV Calgary

THE YUKON

The harsh blow of Anvil's close

Osteoidly, it was just another day starting down, but the extremes of the Yukon's climate last week raised the specter of a depression reminiscent of the crisis after the 1896 Klondike Gold Rush—and it prompted desperate northern plans to Ottawa for help. About 600 laid-off workers at the Cyprus Anvil Mine Corp now face an uncertain winter of discontent in the company town of Mayo. In a harsh territory with a total population akin to a small southern community (24,800 people), the management of the giant asbestos depositing.

The territorial government expects that up to 50 per cent of the Yukon's population will ship out before next spring. Unemployment, already at 15.5 per cent, is expected to soar beyond 26 per cent. Government revenues will drop \$13 million, or about 30 per cent of the operating budget, mostly because of an \$8-million loss of workers' earnings. "The entire economy of this region of Canada is on the verge of financial ruin," says Conservative government leader Chris Pearson.

With that in mind, Pearson is anxiously awaiting an answer from federal India Affairs and Northern Development Minister John Mabey on the Yukon's request that Ottawa kick in \$13 million in transportation and power subsidies. The Yukon government, in turn, is offering Cyprus Anvil, the largest private employer in the territory, a \$1.5-million bailout.

The fare mine was scheduled to re-open early next month after a summer shutdown. But troubled Done Potash, Anvil's parent, decided that it could not afford to operate the mine through the winter because of rising costs and dropping prices. "Sitting tight for four months has eaten up many people's savings," said Winnie Bentel, 25, a miner's wife. "Telephones are being cut off left and right. People aren't paying hydro bills and, when they come to the door to disconnect the power, people don't answer." The main concern in Fairbank, understandably, was how to get through the winter. Given the arctic link, sturdy Yukoners take solace from the newly discovered self-sacrifice unity of their extended families. Says Karen Eberle, an unemployed cook married to an oil-worker father: "One thing this does is bring the kids closer. We put together every night and play cards or Monopoly—or something."

—LESLIE COLE in Whitehorse



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A rare show of Arab unity



Steel waves from the siege of Beirut rolled up against the ancient walls of the Moroccan city of Fez last week, obliging the Arab world to put on a rare show of unity. After four days of talk behind the closed doors of Morocco's King Hassan's palace, a wonderland of four-posters, marble and mosaics, 20 Arab leaders emerged with a Middle East peace plan based on proposals first made by Saudi Arabia's King Faisal last year. The eight-point plan with its implied recognition of Israel's right to exist, could offer the basis for a Middle East solution. But it was clearly unacceptable to at least one other key player in the area—Israel.

No sooner had the accord been announced than Israeli Foreign Ministry officials dismissed it as unworkable.

"The new so-called peace plan is even worse than the Saudi proposals," he said. "It would lead to the dismantling of Israel." The hard-line Israeli reaction echoed the tone of a series of official pronouncements and actions during the week. For one thing, Defense Minister Ariel Sharon threatened to keep a 40-km zone in northern Lebanon clear of hostile forces at all costs. Then the Israeli cabinet defied a call by President Ronald Reagan to suspend its settlement program in the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip by authorizing a further six. At the same time, after the Israeli parliament rejected the Saudi proposals, Prime Minister Menachem Begin declared that he would hold a

general election next year, to be fought largely on the issue of the future of the occupied Arab lands.

Beirut was clearly outraged by the American call for a fresh start in the peace process, based on the "legitimate rights" of the Palestinians. In an angry interview with the Israeli army magazine *Reshafot*, Begin accused Washington of gross interference in Israel's affairs. "Our American friends should remember that Israel is not Chile and I am not Ailes," he fumed in a reference to alleged U.S. involvement in the toppling of Chile's left-wing president in 1973.

Washington's reaction to Begin's charges was calculatedly cool and symbolic. The only notes of anxiety crept in over Israeli air strikes against Syrian missile launchers in the Bekaa Valley and Jerusalem's reluctance to withdraw from Lebanon. The removal of foreign troops should "go forward speedily," state department spokesman John Hagues told his part, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, returning from a Middle East tour that avoided

Current hostilities (above) King Hassan (left), Arab summit implies recognition of Israel



Beirut, Jerusalem and Cairo, told that he was extremely concerned by Egyptian and Lebanese reactions to the Israeli peace plan. A senior Pentagon official who accompanied him underlined U.S. hopes that Arab support might force a change of heart in the Berlin camp. "I'd like to see a democracy," he said. "There will be a debate within the country. This is not the end of the story. It is only the beginning."

Indeed, the reasons for Begin's anger seemed to be Washington's failure in providing a forum for opposition to Jerusalem's hard line both within and outside Israel. In the United States a poll conducted for the American Jewish Committee showed that 85 per cent of American Jews felt Washington should start talks with the PLO if it recognized Israel and renounces terrorism.

In fact the Arab summit leaders were as determined as Washington is to squelch potentially divisive deliberations. The most spectacular event in four days of low-profile talks was the welcome reserved for PLO leader Yasser Arafat. A 31-year-old thunderbolt not as, reviled as he was, but nevered by his usual black-and-white kaffiyeh, Arafat was greeted effusively by King Hassan. At the summit's conclusion, the leaders decided to take up detailed negotiations for a Middle East settlement in the United Nations. They called on the Security Council to give peace guarantees to "all states in the region," including an independent Palestinian state. The Arab leaders also sought a UN mandate of short duration over the West Bank and Gaza. The PLO, they said, must lead the Palestinian self-determination process as the sole legitimate representative of the Palestinian people. President Reagan's proposals received a guarded welcome, and a delegative place to fly to Washington to clarify specific points.

At the summit's close, Hassan told Arafat, "Our total support for the [Palestinian] cause will make it possible for you to live here life in your country—Palestine." But this gesture was somewhat at odds with the attitude of Washington's lawmakers attitude to the Faisal plan—Weinberger said it represented some progress, but "very little" was at stake with the proposal. Still, the proceedings at Fez did as much to do with image as with substance. They were designed to portray the Arabs as peace-seeking men of reason, in contrast to what Arab & Islamic press called the stubborn extremism of the Begin cabinet. However short-lived the newfound Arab unity may prove to be, is the sphere of public relations. You was a striking success.

—DAVID BAIRD in Fez, with Michael Posner in Washington, Eric Silver in Jerusalem and Robyn Wright in Beirut.



Swiss police with captured gunman Warsaw linked the crisis to Solidarity

SWITZERLAND

The Colonel's missing motive

The crisis was handled in typical Swiss fashion—efficiently and without bloodshed. After a three-day siege, armed police stormed the Polish Embassy in Bern last week and seized four hostage takers who had demanded \$1 million, a passage to Cuba or Algeria and an end to martial law in Poland. Their prisoners, the Polish diplomats, escaped unharmed. But while the operation was deemed a total success by Swiss officials, it raised the flames of controversy inside Poland. There the military government accused members of the dissident Solidarnosc trade union of engaging in terrorism. The banned union quickly disavowed any connection with the gunmen, who described themselves as members of the Polish Revolutionary Home Army. Solidarnosc officials were convinced that the embassy siege was planned to distract attention from their own troubles.

The crisis began on Sept. 5, when the gunmen walked in the embassy and took 13 Polish diplomats hostage. Over the ensuing 12 hours, Soviet and US radio maintained constant telephone contact with the gunmen. The working press paid dividends. First, three of the hostages were released. Then five more, including four women, were allowed to leave.

Meanwhile, security officials had gathered together a picture of the gunmen's leader, who called himself General Wysnki. He was identified as Florian Krassny, a 32-year-old Polish refugee with a record of crime and espionage. After seeking political asylum in Austria in 1981, Krassny was jailed for passing in-

fugitives about fellow refugees to a Polish Embassy official in Vienna. In 1989 he and two other refugees burst into the home of a Vienna jeweler, also a refugee, and tortured him and his family for three days. Krassny received a nine-year sentence.

With Krassny's record in focus, Bern authorities felt it was too dangerous to allow the siege to continue. A peace plan of action was put into effect on the orders of Justice Minister Kurt Pungler. Then, early last Thursday, commandos placed on the front step exploded and blew open the front door. Anti-terrorist police rushed in, overpowered the gunmen and freed the hostages.

However, despite the stunning success of the mission, the hostage-taking raised questions about the safety of Switzerland's diplomatic corps. And the strained Bern's relations with Poland. The Swiss were asked by supporters from the Polish regime that their planes were re-registered. Warsaw was reported to ask for repatriation of Krassny and his men, but, because the two countries have no extradition treaty, they will be tried under Swiss law.

That left an important question unanswered—Krassny's motive. An American security service official voiced one theory. "Once a spy, always a spy." But a definitive answer will have to wait until Krassny's trial—and if his secretive background is any indication, an answer may not emerge even then.

—JACK GUARO in Bern, with Dan Mortman in Vienna



JAPAN

The sun rises on nationalism

On the opening day Chairman Hu Yaobang carefully reminded delegates to the Chinese Communist Party's 12th congress in Peking of the historic fact that Japanese militarists have repeatedly unleashed waves of aggression on China. Then he added, "Some forces in Japan are whitewashing past facts and carrying out various activities in an attempt to revise Japanese militarism."

His widely shared concern is based on what he sees as a new mood of assertiveness in Tokyo.

And on the surface at least, recent developments in Japan support his view. For one thing, at the time that the chairman spoke, crowds of Japanese were lining up—hundreds of billboards carrying pictures of war-time premier Hideki Tojo—for the annual bit movie, *The Empire of Greater Japan*. The theme of the film is that the United States planned to allow Japan to strike first at Pearl Harbor in order to wreck attempts by the Japanese cabinet to avert war. To drive the message home, the film shows moving scenes of the agony of Japanese soldiers and highlights

the "human sins" of Tojo, executed as a war criminal in 1948.

This is not the only cause of alarm at the prospect of renewed militarism in Japan following the recent decision by Prime Minister Zenko Suzuki's government—at Washington's urging—to substantially increase defense spending.

The ministry of education's decision to tame down references to school history books to Japanese wartime

atrocities is another indication of what many observers see as a subtle shift of public opinion in favor of a more aggressive posture. At the same time, the government appears unable—or unwilling—to reverse the drift. That was made clear from the administration's handling of the textbook issue. While struggling to assuage outraged feelings in China, South Korea and other countries over the controversy, the Suzuki government is determined not to change the revised wording. One Socialist politician was recently given a police guard after Posts and Telecommunications Minister Noboru Matsunaga branded him a "traitor" for "opposing CCP China" about the revision.

Meanwhile, Japan's military past is being increasingly glorified. In addition to *The Empire of Greater Japan*, another movie now due for release uses footage from the Far East Military Tribunal, which tried former Japanese leaders for war crimes, in order to show previously reviled figures in a more sympathetic light. Not only that, but a monument has been erected to the memory of Tojo and six other Class A war criminals at the site in Tokyo where they were imprisoned and hanged. And a recently created statue in Fukusaka, 140 km south of Hiroshima, evokes the

Amy Day parade (above); 'self-defence' troops spending is increasing



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"Sacred War of Self-Survival and Self-Defense." Moreover, Nobukatsu Kishi, a convicted Class A war criminal who later became prime minister, is raising funds for a monument at the foot of Mount Fuji, sacred to the Shinto religion. The movement commemorates the former Japanese puppet state of Manchukuo (Manchuria). That short-lived entity, in Japanese colonization, claimed Kishi was "an ideal state of five nationalities living in concord, in the utter absence of any colonial intent."

Kishi, whose wife is Shinzo Abe, is the minister of international trade and industry, wielded considerable influence on the right wing of the ruling Liberal Democratic Party (LDP). Ironically, his campaign for a monument at Fuji coincides with a call from the UN Human Rights Commission in Geneva for a full inquiry into Japanese atrocities in Manchuria. Many of those were committed in the name of science during germ warfare experiments by the now infamous Unit 731. Several members of the court-tilted government positions in the Japanese medical world



Sakai attending a war memorial service in Tokyo, holding symbols of pacifism

after the war, protected by immunity granted by the United States, in exchange for the knowledge that they had gained.

The new nationalism has flourished in the wake of the government's large arms buildup. The program was introduced largely to meet veterans' U.S. veterans

of the fact that Japan was able to avoid heavy defense expenditures because it could rely on Washington for its protection under the terms of the U.S.-Japan security treaty. Now, when the five-year arms plan is complete in 1988, Japan will have spent more than \$60 billion on defense and it will be the third-

THE UNITED STATES

An old warhorse in the New South

The bushes have receded sharply, the skin is mottled with age. He is virtually deaf, half blind, paralysed from the waist down and frequently in pain—the bitter legacy of an assassination attempt a decade ago still, as the result of last week's Democratic primary, confounded, George Wallace remains a political force he is reckoned with in the Deep South.

Making an unprecedented bid for a fourth term as governor of Alabama, the 65-year-old Wallace tapped a three-man field and captured 42 per cent of the popular vote. More surprisingly, the former segregationist—“segregation now, agnosticism tomorrow, segregation forever,” he vowed if he had won—had captured fully a third of Alabama’s black vote.

Wallace now faces a recall election on Sept. 20 against the state’s lieutenant-governor, George McMillan. The winner will meet Republican Rosey Palsom, Montgomery’s gay-coding mayor, on Nov. 2. “We’re in a fight,” the still-fatty Wallace told his campaign workers last week. “But I’m gonna be your governor again. I’ve always had a runoff and I’ve always won.”

That is almost the truth. In fact, Wallace lost his first gubernatorial bid in 1968. He was in 1962 and 1970 before making his fateful run for the presi-

dency in 1972. It was during that campaign that Wallace was struck down by would-be assassin Arthur Bremer and came close to death. But he survived, was the state house again in 1974, and, nine years later, moving through the dusty, blue-collar towns of the South in his wheelchair, he is still able to touch the sensitive nerves of Alabama politics.

The rhetoric of racism is gone, or, at least—“segregation is wrong, and I don’t want it to come back,” he says—but the strain of racism remains. The poor, the underprivileged, the unemployed, white and black alike—that is the new Wallace constituency.

On paper, it’s a solid—jobs, education,

welfare... Wallace’s record as governor is also exemplary. Says Rep. Frederick D. Dent, a civil rights activist in the 1960s and now pastor of Selma’s Ebenezer Baptist Church: “Education flourished under the Wallace administration. If you are totally objective and look at the results and achievements, I don’t know of any other governor who can top George Wallace’s record.”

Wallace still finds support among white liberals, and his appeal among blacks is confined largely to rural areas. Alabama’s black leadership endorsed opponent McMillan. Nevertheless, many Alabamians believe that Wallace stands as an excellent chance of winning again. Republican Pollard is conservative in the Reagan mold, a former military officer who believes in law and order and turned to white segregation. He resembles, in fact, a latter-day version of the old George Wallace. By comparison, the 1982 model Wallace emerges as a polished moderate. Ironically, that distinction may be enough to return Wallace’s pledge of his campaign workers and give him the fourth term he so clearly craves.

—MICHAEL POWELL in Washington

Wallace campaigning, a solid chance



strongest nation in conventional weapons (after Britain and France) among second-rank military powers. But already Japan is under pressure from Washington to make the next buildup even more ambitious.

The weapons program has put formidable strains on Japan’s so-called “peace constitution,” imposed at the end of the World War II. US Gen. Douglas MacArthur. As a result, the law wants to revise its constitution eventually and eliminate the ambiguity surrounding Japan’s defense activities. Its proposed憲法改修 exists in a fragile land of negotiations, where the army is a “second self-defense force” and a ban on a “special force.” While public opinion has gradually accepted the idea of Japan having its own armed forces and most people would probably like to see security stepped up, the prevailing “fearists” of the electorate have been a major obstacle in the law’s path.

To change the mood, the government has been driven up patriotism. It has accomplished that by reviving “defeat” passages in textbooks and by stressing nationalism, virtues at every opportunity. “Flag-images,” by government leaders to Tokyo’s Yasukuni Shrine, a potent symbol of militarism before and during the war, have become a favorite for critics and supporters of the official policy.

Whether or not the new nationalistic constitute “nationalism,” as Ha claims, is still debatable. Analysts in Tokyo point out that China’s recent anti-Japan policy is partly prompted by a power struggle is Peking and a recent visit to Taiwan by high-ranking LDP officials. But far many in the LDP, the present confrontation is a foreign import, seen as Japan during the U.S. occupation; it is a simple matter of pride to see it replaced. Similarly, a recent proposal by an air ministry to strengthen the powers of the emperor beyond his constitutionally defined symbolic importance can also be seen merely as a patriotic gesture.

That a future shift in the regional balance of forces in Japan’s favor might tempt Japanese leaders to revise the post-imperial status quo of East Asia Co-Protection Scheme. Not only that, but the arms buildup could generate its own momentum and become a self-reinforcing cycle. As Japanese author Naoki Higashide wrote: “When a society suffers a catastrophe, the catastrophe always seems remote. A war with the United States was simply beyond imagination. But a war in East Asia in the nuclear age is even harder to imagine, but that something is hard to imagine is no guarantee that it will not occur.” In the light of Japan’s past, Ha Yabang is unlikely to be the only foreign observer to echo Kezame.

—PETER MCGILL in Tokyo



A service for Giulio Cesare and his wife: anger at a greater threat than curators'

ITALY

Striking back at the Mafia

When Gen. Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa took up his fight against the Sicilian Mafia last May, he arrived in Palermo by taxi. His most effective weapon, he theorized, would be “fear and imagination,” a tactic he had used with success during his years as Italy’s top terrorist fighter. But the murder of Dalla Chiesa and his wife, Ennabella, by Mafia hit squads on Sept. 8 clearly indicated that the so-called “honest society” was playing by different rules.

Last week, amid widespread outrage, the Italian government took a tough new line on organized crime, appointing veteran policeman Raimondo de Francesco to succeed Dalla Chiesa. Not only that, but Prime Minister Giovanni Spadolini and his cabinet issued a decree that enables de Francesco to tap Mafia informants, enunciates bank records and demand full disclosure of earnings of Sicilian companies bidding for public works contracts. As well, as a rare show of unity, the Italian parliament overwhelmingly approved a long-delayed bill that for the first time subjects the Mafia to criminal jurisdiction.

But the new leader de Francesco is unassisted. He is charged with cracking a grand underworld organization, which, in the past decade, has mushroomed from a small rural network of secret societies into a drug empire, overthrowing the Mafia-based “French connection” as the principal heroin producer and smuggling center to North America. And it is widely believed that many Sicilian politicians

and businessmen are tainted by Mafia involvement.

Investigations have made little progress in tracking down Dalla Chiesa’s killers. But they believe that the mastermind was compensated by the regime’s most powerful “family,” in an attempt to consolidate its control and because authorities had announced a sweeping probe into the enormous affairs of C220, a suspected Mafia. The police efforts are being spearheaded by the rage of local residents. Angry Sicilians pelted government officials attending Dalla Chiesa’s funeral procession with small change, a local gesture of disdain. Equally harsh in his criticism was Palermo’s Salvatore Cardillo Pappalardo, who purchased Roman theater Siciliano. “While they talk and talk in Rome, Palermo is being destroyed.” But the chief target of attack was Interior Minister Virgilio Reggesi, who was Rajone, together with Spadolini, who last May sent Dalla Chiesa to Palermo to protect. But this summer Rajone turned down the prefect’s request for special powers similar to those given last week to de Francesco, to re-activate operations throughout the island.

The assassination was an unprecedented Mafia challenge to central government authority, returning for their family in its underworld. With Romano Prodi, Italica’s Justice Minister, baying that de Francesco can cut into a system that his predecessor once described as a greater threat than any terrorist organization.

De Francesco, challenged





COVER

The Menace of Everest

By Thomas Hopkins

It was 5:30 a.m., the time when the mountain was supposed to be quiet. Ten Nepalese Sherpa porters, hired by the first Canadian team to attempt to climb Mount Everest, joined six Canadian climbers as they struggled to carry loads of equipment through the Khumbu Icefall—a vertiginous, churning glacier that guards the approaches to Everest. The horses from their herd had collapsed at the narrowest point, and having to drag the pack themselves, the climbers—two men and two women—arrived almost to the 21,000-foot expedition base camp on July 15. Two days after the deaths of the Sherpas, one survivor and climber Marc Griffiths, 33, was killed by a collapsing ice tower in the Khumbu. Then, just weeks later, a week after Griffiths' death, as if the 15-man climbing team chose to abandon the past and return to Canada. Meanwhile, at home, a former expedition leader who had been dismissed from the team in Nepal before the climb

began threatened legal action and questioned the competence of the current leadership.

Nepal's Mount Everest, at 29,028 ft—the world's highest mountain, has always treated the puny attempts of men to reach its summit with disdain, and it appears to have picked the conscience of the Canadian team. Expeditions have been called off or delayed since the 1991 "Operation Everest" expedition, which got as far as the 20,000-foot mark before being forced to turn back because of bad weather. The team had planned to summit the mountain on July 18, but the weather was so bad that they were forced to descend to 19,000 ft. Two days later, the deaths of the Sherpas, one survivor and climber Marc Griffiths, 33, was killed by a collapsing ice tower in the Khumbu. Then, just weeks later, a week after Griffiths' death, as if the 15-man climbing team chose to abandon the past and return to Canada. Meanwhile, at home, a former expedition leader who had been dismissed from the team in Nepal before the climb

began threatened legal action and questioned the competence of the current leadership.

The primary culprit in the ill-starred climb may be the weather. The traditional Nepalese summer monsoon rains were late in arriving and have been an all-too-late September. The result is that the Himalayas are loaded with tonnes of fresh, unstable snow, ensuring that the rock-and-ice dangers from the massive triangular-shaped blocks of ice will remain high. At the same time, the three-kilometre-long Khumbu Icefall, which the Canadian team spent months to cross, the true challenge is constantly moving and unusually erratic. Bergman, business manager John Arnett, "The Sherpa porters feel the icefall is more dangerous than it has been in many years." The team's diminished strength and resilience with the weather led organizers last week to abandon their plans to attempt an un-

Campsite on the Khumbu Icefall (above left and center), building a crevasse (right). *Below: I want to go home!*

climbed variation of the South Pillar route up the mountain in favor of the more certain terrain of the original South Col route used by Sir Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay in the first ascent of Everest in 1953.

The events as far as were a tragic disappointment in a shifting cast of climbers and backers who have been working on organizing the climb since permission was first granted by the Nepalese government in Roger Marshall, 50, from Golden, B.C., in 1978. At that time Everest had seen many conquests (over 300) but never by a Canadian team. Major sponsorship for the mainly Western climbers was secured when Air Canada agreed to provide cash and free air travel to an estimated total of \$600,000. Other Canadian sponsors provided food, climbing equipment and clothing as well as for the opportunity to associate their product names with Mount Everest.

Interest among sponsors was heightened when the team's promotional company, Confidential, constructed a Tibetan campsite, Adelaid Productions Ltd., to build a sophisticated television studio in the Nepalese capital of Kathmandu



With help from Marusa and Tele-Canada, the operation began transmitting expedition updates last week from the mountain via satellite. Team members will take special half-kilogram television cameras high on the mountain in what would be a mountaineering first. The GNC was impressed by the potential of the communication and paid \$225,000 in cash and advertising considerations in August for exclusive TV rights to the climb. "The annual summit will be crowded in the middle of the night, Canadian time," says Don Ferguson, the assistant director of news and public affairs. "We hope that the coverage will be enough to get people staying up, thinking at the prospect of seeing the first Canadian ascent."

Supporters wore their hats last week, however, as news of the tragedy on the mountain filtered with painful slowness from technologically limited Nepal. For most of the year, with 100,000 tourists, the Vajrapuri family of Marc Griffiths and his girlfriend, Debbie Stevens, learned of his death as the radio rather than from the federal external affairs department: "It makes us angry," said Stevens. "You can under-

COVER

stand the lack of communication, but it's a really creditable way to be informed."

When the full story did emerge, it was nothing if not dramatic. The team members had been honing their skills for the past two years and, when they left Canada in July, smart in matching dust-red and grey uniforms, they were fit and benterous. In April, 20 tonnes of climbing equipment and food had preceded them to the Everest base camp, 240 km northeast of Kathmandu. More problems began almost at once. Baggage was misplaced, and Jim Kinney, 27, of Calgary, one of the team's strongest climbers, stumbled and injured his knee, which required a cast. In order to arrive at Everest base camp by early September, the team had to trek for three weeks through the August Nepalese monsoon while bouldering sections which lashed onto any exposed skin. After they established base on the boulder-strewn tongue of the Khumbu glacier below the Tengboche, tragedy struck quickly.

On Aug. 31 the macabre avalanche swept away the Sherpas. Also buried was veteran climber Ray Basile, 41, of Calgary. Managing to dig himself out, he joined other climbers in digging for the buried Sherpas. Three hours later Sherpa Pasang Sora was found. As team doctor Stephen Baschukas, 36, applied burns to several fingers, Basile gathered up the porter in an attempt to warm him with his own body heat. It was no avail, and the body was taken down to base camp. From there it was carried to the tiny settlement of Lobuche, where Sherpas brought up firewood from the lowland forests. There, in a funeral Buddhist ceremony, the body was placed on a funeral pyre and cremated.

The following day Griffiths, Basile and 33-year-old Calgary lightweight Dave Read re-entered the leadfall to repair the route damaged by the avalanche and continue the search for the bodies of the two missing Sherpas. While they were there, the ice cover of the Khumbu shifted, toppling a house-sized block of ice. Basile later told Calgary Herald reporter Bruce Patterson, "When I started to go, I



Everest (left); Polish South Face route (red); South Col route (yellow) climbs behind South Face to summit

thought, okay, this is it. I want to go really calmly." He survived, but Griffths did not. Basile was then forced to rescue Read from a crevasse and search for the body of Griffiths.

Following the second accident, expedition leader Bill March, 46, of Calgary, agonized over whether to cancel the climb. "It's not fair to me to ask men to commit their lives to something that is not necessary," he told team members

already placed there in memory of Sherpas killed on Everest over a period of 30 years. They sit on a knoll above the Khumbu glacier, which curves up a valley crossed by Everest and her two sister peaks, Lhotse and Nuptse. "For a climber," says Ament, "there can be few better places to be laid to rest."

As the six climbers made their way to Kathmandu by foot last week, team doctor Dave Jones, suffering from the headaches and nausea of altitude sickness, left with the air Marca Expeditions flight to Kathmandu, along with the air and news reports by Herald correspondent Patterson, to apply to the Nepalese ministry of tourism for permission to change routes to the South Col. For several days August was the team's only link with Canada, and the nation weighed whether to impose a ban. Ament said. *The Journal's* Barbara Evans about the tragedy and obstacles the mountain was throwing against the team. "We want the Canadian people to know that we are safe now," he said, announcing that the climb would continue. "We intend to proceed with the utmost caution."

Ament's statement was also designed to respond to charges by former team leader Marshall that the six climbers had left the expedition because of lack of confidence in the expedition's leadership. Marshall, who had (cont'd. on page 22)

Looking up the Khumbu from the base camp, cholesterol



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Canadian climber crossing a stream at foot of Everest: "something inside responds."

Historic paths to glory

It was a surveyor poring over his trigonometry tables, not a tweedy adventurer, who first discovered the highest mountain on earth. But since the Great Trigonometric Survey of India announced in 1852 that Peak IV on the frontier of Nepal and Tibet—later named Mount Everest after British surveyor Sir George Everest—stood 29,028 ft above sea level, it has become the ultimate challenge for mountaineers—and a metaphor for human aspiration.

Not until this century, however, did anyone think seriously of putting a climber on top of the world. Before then, the isolated and politically hostile terrain of the Himalayas ruled it out. But after the First World War the idea of the climb gained momentum in Britain, where the conquest of Everest was seen as a glorious epilogue to a century of global conquest.

Fueled by the exploits of explorers, a massive British field-tripping campaign led by The Times, launched three massive forays to the mountain; the last involved an expedition of six mountaineers with 200 support staff in 1924. Having never climbed and then, George Mallory, a passionate and expert climber (he coined the famous "because it is there" reply) and a younger associate, Andrew Irvine, set out from the base camp north of the mountain. Noel Odell, a fellow climber, last spotted the two tiny figures heading upward less than 300 ft from the top. But a man descended, and they were never seen again. No one knows how their fates or whether they reached the top.

Twenty-one years and five failed attempts later, the British, armed with sophisticated gear and oxygen equipment, made another massive assault on Everest, this time from Nepal, in the south. On the clear sunny morning of May 29, 1953, New Zealanders Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tenzing Norgay approached the peak. Hillary wrote later: "Linking arms we saw a narrow snow ridge leading up to a snowy summit. A few more whacks of the ice axe in the firm snow and we were on the top."

The historic conquest marked the beginning of an Everest onslaught. Since then more than 300 people have made it, and 50 have died trying (figures are incomplete because of scanty knowledge about the Commercial expeditions from the north). Out of about 50 attempts, 25 have succeeded. The Everest climb, colored by friction from the start (Odell wrote from the start, "Mallory and Irvine had died to keep alive the spirit that made the British Empire"), became a must for any nation out to prove itself. In the past 30 years, Britons—

land, the United States, India, Korea, Japan, Hong Kong, Australia, America, France and Poland have all launched successful expeditions. No Canadian has ever reached the top, although Karl Devaux made a disputed solo attempt in 1967.

As the summit roster grew, climbers sought distinction by pursuing ever more daring variations on Hillary's classic South Col route. "Most's fidelity for conquering up new routes for Everest is incomparable," wrote Everest summiteer Peter Boardman, who, along with Joe Tasker, did just that by trying to push a new route up the mountain's northeast ridge, near where Mallory and Irvine must have perished. Among the milestones were the U.S. conquest of the West Ridge in 1963 and the British success on the treacherous southwest face in 1975. Between the southwest face and the South Col route is a long-climbed spur called the South Pillar running almost to the summit. The Polish expedition of 1986, which set new records for winter endurance, climbed the South Pillar, and Canada had hoped to make its mark on an untried variation of the Polish route.

The current Canadian expedition was modeled on the traditional "mug" style of mountaineering, with a large team, ample support staff and large base camp. In recent years, however, the trend has been to smaller, Alpine-style expeditions in which climbers go alone in small teams, carrying all they need on their backs. The ultimate expression of that style was a daring solo ascent of Everest from the south by Italian Reinhold Messner in 1986 without oxygen. Two years earlier he and Austrian Peter Habeler had reached the summit via the South Col without oxygen—afeat previously considered next to impossible. "I felt like God," said Messner.

Despite the many successes, the summit has retained its danger and its allure. Nepal permits only three expeditions a year, and the mountain is booked solid through the 1988s. For those who still cannot quite see the point, the last word belongs to Mallory: "If you cannot understand that there is something else inside that responds to the challenge of the mountain and goes out to meet it, that the struggle is the struggle of life itself, then you won't understand why we go."

GILLIAN MCKAY is
Toronto

Summit Tension



Photo: AP/Wide World

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had previous conflicts with team leaders, was asked to leave the climb by a unanimous vote of the members in Nepal after he allegedly ordered climbers and were ahead of the main body of climbers on the approach march to Everest. Marshall is bitter about the outcome of the climb. "I feel like I have wasted four years of my life," he says. Now he is considering taking the expedition. Another team leader, Georges Kinnear of Calgary, called Marshall's charge "disgraceful." Annett is more direct. "Total rubbish," he says.

The world's top-rated mountaineers, such as those in the Canadian team, need little convincing. Paul Galbraith, for one, wife of deputy leader Mike Callaghan—one of eight climbers left on the team—and a climber herself, says she trusts her husband's judgment. "I know my husband," she said from her home in Canmore, 100 km west of Calgary. "He's an experienced mountaineer, and if there's the slightest chance of going up without being exposed to danger, he'll have a go at it." Debbie Sweny also supports the continuation of the climb. After first thinking it should be canceled, she has changed her mind. "Now, I would like to see them get to the top," she says. "Perhaps they could put a little sombre to that on the summit."

The decision about whether to stay or go on is an agonizing one. But it is one every climber makes each time he goes into the mountains. He puts his life in a precarious balance that pits the unknown, approaching nightfall and his own whims against the predictability of reaching the summit. For the best climbers, failure is taken in stride. Perhaps only 10 per cent of the Everest attempts have been successful. In the Rockies, an average ratio of 30 to 60 per cent can amount to a successful climbing season. "No question," says Annett, "it's worth dying for."

But if the decision on whether to go up or come down is a familiar one to climbers, what was unusual about last week's mid-winter was the grousing—and, for many Everest climbers, unaccustomed presence of Everest Fever. That is the sponsor-fueled kind of expedition fever that has delayed Canadian teams with glossy trips and inserts extolling the climb and the products of the companies that have sponsored it. Annett does not deny that pressure from a multi-million-dollar investment and the desire to fulfill sponsor obligations was a potent factor in the choice of the eight to go despite frosty conditions (Annett and Speer, along with a cook, doctor and the reporter, will remain in base camp.) But he insists that it was only one of many factors, most of them personal. Nevertheless, Everest Fever, not

scheduled to begin its ascent until this week, forced two action last week as electronic support gear scrambled to graft state-of-the-art communications onto a country not far off the Iron Age. Giddu Annett spoke by satellite to Shroder's via satellite, victims of a periodic Kathmandu power failure). As sketchy details trickled out of Nepal, concerned sponsors called the team's marketing offices at Traveler's Advertorial. They were assured that the climb would continue and more cancellations prompted a ban on the climb.

Meanwhile, Annett says that the deaths have shaken the team. "We are all quite intimidated by the condition of Everest," he admitted. "Everyone is experiencing some element of fear about going back onto the mountain."

Because of the emotional strain, Bill March has taken the two-day trek to the relative generosity of the Sherpa village of Namche Bazar for several days. The rest of the team has been pulled back into base camp until the weather clears and the snow cover on the mountain subsides. They hope to start on the South Col route when Annett returns with the Nepalese permission this week.

The climb does nothing to raise their spirits. "Sitting around waiting causes the fear to surface," says Annett. Even though their base camp is shared by a Spanish team attempting Everest's West Ridge and a New Zealand team led by Sir Edmund Hillary's 20-year-old son, Peter, attempting sister peak Lhotse, it was not a hospitable place last week. Hemmed in by mountain walls, the camp received sun for only a few hours a day before rain and snow splashed against the purple and red tents spotted among the boulders. Each night the valley echoes as the mountains split rock and snow avalanches.

What the expedition requires, however, the men will be cut out and well placed to push through to the South Col.

"The attitude of the team is 'Go, Go,'" announced March by radio. At the time of the accident, the team had been

successfully strung with ropes and snow-laden ladders placed over the overhang of the gaping ice crevasses—some ladders were the abandoned relics of previous expeditions. An advance base camp above the icefall had been established and abundantly stocked with oxygen cylinders; more than 1,600 man-days of

food and enough equipment to ensure that the remaining climbers will only be forced to cross the treacherous Khumbu once or twice more with supplies for the fast push. Climbing to the head of the ice glacier, they will scale the massive headwall on the top of the valley, placing a fourth and final camp on the South Col, a route linking Lhotse and Everest. From there the climbers will make a long, one-day, 1,000-m climb to the summit, preceded by a previous Chinese expedition that marks the highest point on earth.

Although a dash in mountainering, to the outsider it can only be described as a glod by barely recognizable climbers in plastic boots and special synthetic insulated clothing, their faces muffled by black rubber oxygen masks. Even with the added safety margin, the climbers will bend their backs with fatigue, forcing the climbers to pause, gasping for breath, every 10 paces. The thin air sometimes induces coughing spasms that can break ribs or bring on fatal seizures in the lungs and brain, and this can be fatal.

The team members now believe that the small size of the group will allow them to take advantage of breaks in the weather to push the route forward before the killing cold of winter sets in and their permit expires on Oct. 31. "Speed is the biggest element of safety we will have now," says Annett. Almost certainly, another major accident or death will mean the end of the attempt.

Regardless of how the drama unfolds, it will be played out in the living rooms of the country. Sharing technical features, the mountaineers will be carrying their own television cameras. If the system works, high camp and summit images will be beamed to a relay station 25 km from the mountain, retransmitted to Kathmandu, then by satellite to Canada. If accomplished, it will be a stunning technical achievement.

If the team succeeds, it will not be the most stylish of ascents (the South Col route has been done without using oxygen tanks), but it will be a triumph of nerve and resolve, the more so because the climbers are not professionals but passionate amateurs—university teachers, carpenters, photographers—distinguished as much by stubbornness and confidence in their abilities as by bravado. "We have the will to at least give it a try," said craggy-faced Canadian Louise Lemoine, 32, last week. "It turned my back now, it would seem like a waste of those people who died."

It is certainly a chastened and more realistic team than the one that left so nobly in July. Like their predecessors, they have learned that the first order of business on Everest is not to make excuses or survival.

Patricia Stewart in Calgary and Diane Lachow in Vancouver



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State-owned refinery in Tula, Mexico; López Portillo (center); the world's biggest debtor despite a wealth of natural resources

BUSINESS

The Mexican dream suddenly sours

By Linda McQuaig

THROUGH the charred-suited bankers assembled in Tuxpan last week, Mexico was clearly not behaving as a desperate nation should. It was bad enough that in the past few years the country had gone on a spending binge that had left a \$80 billion (U.S.) debt. But Mexico also had the nerve to ask the International Monetary Fund for a \$4-billion emergency loan and then scold the organization by nationalizing private banks and imposing exchange controls—measures distinctly contrary to the Fund's policies.

At the Tuxpan meeting the IMF sent a clear signal of its disapproval by suspending \$1.5 billion in emergency aid earmarked for the country. Still, Mexico showed no signs of relenting on its public determination to keep currency from leaving the country. Late last week Mexican officials in northern Mexican border towns were not even letting tourists out. (Americans had been slipping across the border and walking up on them with their valuable U.S. dollars.)

With Mexico poised on the brink of bankruptcy, the IMF is in a good position to extract concessions. But the country does have one trump card which it is not lost on the astute bankers—if Mexico

declared bankruptcy, it might take a good part of the world banking system with it.

Mexico has emerged as the most problematic of the international spendthrifts, but it is not entirely out alone. In fact, the growing debt burdens of the Third World is shaping up to be one of the world's most pressing global problems. Last week Argentina approached the two-day IMF meeting in Tuxpan with a \$6.8 billion loan to help it with a \$35-billion debt. And, in a dramatic move, Bolivia's central bank announced that it was postponing a \$15-million payment due on a syndicated loan of \$400 million from foreign banks. All together, Third World countries have outstanding debts, mostly to private banks, of roughly \$800 billion. With high interest rates forcing those countries to come up with \$75 billion a year in interest payments alone, ravers circulated at the conference last week that as many as 20 developing nations face imminent financial collapse.

But Mexico's financial dilemma is particularly

striking because the country is rich in national resources, six years ago they sold off billions of tonnes of oil stacking millions to three a year since into Mexico's mouth in a time when most other Third World nations were grappling with staggering energy costs and crippling inflation.

But, ironically, oil turned out to be a problem in itself. Like an overeager lottery winner, Mexico embarked on a spending spree in a desperate attempt to catapult itself into the developed world. With the vast Mexican reserves as a kind of collateral, private banks from around the world rushed forward to finance the binge at hefty interest rates. Flush with cash, Mexico expanded its bureaucracy, launched mega-projects that put millions to work and doubled its foreign debt in three years.

Time, however, the winter spending began to run into trouble. A drop in world oil prices left Mexico suddenly short of cash. But, instead of cutting back, it had to keep borrowing in

an attempt to sustain growth and deal with its \$35-billion current account deficit. Finally, a dramatic run on the peso in August prompted outgoing President José López Portillo to impose currency controls. Then, early this month, he nationalized domestic banks. Explaining his measures in an emotional speech, López Portillo blamed the financial disaster on banks and well-to-do Mexicans who had "hoisted" the country of more than \$30 billion by stashing their money abroad.

But if Mexico's spendthrift behavior had landed it in trouble, interventionist bankers helped fuel the crisis by continually extending more credit. Just how much the banks will suffer for their mistakes, however, remains unclear. Canadian banks alone have an estimated \$6 billion at stake.

The financial crisis could have dramatic political implications. One of Mexico's self-expansionary measures was to reduce unemployment from one of the highest—highest step in a country where the minimum wage amounts to an average monthly salary of \$88. So far, however, Mexico has managed to give the co-operation of both the right and the left, which have been pleased by the bank nationalization and currency controls. Although rural workers are expected to lose 20 per cent of their buying power by Christmas because of inflation, the nation's powerful labor leaders, Fidel Velázquez, announced last week that he would give the government four months of freedom from pay demands. Mexico also appears anxious to head off dissatisfaction from another quarter—the army. Despite the financial crisis, the government somehow came up with the funds earlier this month to quickly tip pension increases to its generals.

No matter how Mexico weatheres the crisis, it already has lost some of its clout in its dealings with the United States. While anti-American sentiment traditionally runs deep in Mexico, a particularly raw nerve was touched last month when Mexico obtained two confidential U.S. state department memos that pointed enthusiastically to some of the advantages of the Mexican cri-



Poor in the streets: boom years had little impact on jobs

un. Washington has been angered by Mexico's support for Cuba and for El Salvador's government and its willingness to endorse U.S. ragtag Central American rebels fighting Latin American "dictators." As the word set of officials, "one of the reasons said, "Mexico is less likely to be an adversary in a foreign policy and less critical of ours."

But the most important change may be Mexico's knowledge under American oil demands. Washington wants its Latin American neighbor to sell it more oil, partly to Earth the control of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries on U.S. supplies. Mexico has reacted out of a desire not to squander its resources too quickly or grow too dependent on the market. But last week, in desperation, Mexico agreed to increase its exports to the United States by five million barrels a day to pay for a \$5-billion emergency loan from Washington. The implications of the deal go beyond Mexican-American relations. By adding more oil to the already flooded market, Mexico will only help drive the price of oil down. Comments Washington energy analyst Philip Verleger: "The Mexican situation is going to sugar substantially lower oil prices for the rest of the decade."

Even if an IMF loan can be wrung out of the crisis, it will do little to change Mexico's fundamental development problems. Albert Clerig, an economist at the University of Toronto, suggests that the whole development strategy based by both economists in Mexico and financed by loans from private bankers does little to alleviate the fundamental problems of poverty. For one thing, by spending heavily to improve transportation and communication systems, a country does little to benefit the poor and urban areas.

Berry notes that there might be considerable benefit in using those funds to build up agriculture and small-labor-intensive industries. In fact, Mexico's widely heralded boom years of the late 1970s and early 1980s have had little impact on the approximately 35 million Mexicans who are more or less permanently unemployed. Around Mexico City alone, several million squatters live in a miserable existence in a slum's law without protection by police or serviced by clean water. While banks remain locked up negotiations over loans, more than 95 per cent of Mexicans do not earn enough money even to have a basic account.

Along a fountain-lined path of Mexico City's Alameda Park, 25-year-old María Hernández sat one afternoon last week beside her collection of coral jewelry, waiting for a tourist or businessman, in shop and make a purchase. Asked her feelings about the banking crisis, she replied, "What's a bank?" So matter what direction the current crisis takes, it is unlikely that she is ever going to find out.

With Clifford Kraus and Arnold Jackson in Mexico City; Susan Elkin in Tijuana; Anne Adams in New York; and William Lawther in Washington



Private bank closed by government takeover: Routing IMF policies

Imperial in the witness-box

There is nothing hasty about Canadian antitrust investigations. It has been nine years since federal investigators raided 11 oil companies across the country and seized some 125,000 documents to start their long scrutiny of the petroleum industry. It was more than a year ago that they released their report, seven volumes alleging that uncompetitive and sometimes illegal practices had bilked consumers of billions of dollars between 1955 and 1973. For nearly a year the restrictive trade practices committee has been holding periodic hearings at that report. But last week the issue was coming to a head. Imperial finally had a chance to begin rebutting the report's findings before the commissioners. And, in a separate development, it was learned that the oil giant has been charged under a criminal section of the Competition Investigation Act following a complaint last month that it illegally

refused gas to an independent Ontario service station.

If the charge was a setback for Imperial, the company nevertheless made the most of its appearance before the commission. It counterattacked with a case-relative submission rich in vigorous invective against the report prepared by Robert J. Bertrand. He had alleged that Imperial and other Canadian oil companies had conspired with their foreign parent companies to keep the price of crude oil imports artificially high, fattening parents' profits and forcing higher prices in Canada. Imperial retorted that such allegations "are, without exception, utterly false" and that the Bertrand report was filled with "a multitude of errors" and had advanced a calculation of foreign crude prices that was "so distorted and incomplete as to bear no similarity to the actual market and actual events."

Central to Bertrand's thesis was that Imperial—Canada's largest oil company—ran its business in the interest of its majority shareholder, Royal Dutch/Shell. That, Bertrand argued, Imperial was a passive customer for Exxon's foreign crude and paid the trustee for pricing review. In that charge, rejected Imperial, there was "a thorough misunderstanding of the subject [of transfer pricing]." Testifying in person, Imperial President James Longsworth said Imperial continues to buy oil from Exxon's worldwide pool not because it must but because the price offers the best combination of price and supply reliability. In any case, foreign and domestic politics have since changed Imperial's buying habits. Oilways has negotiated the company into buying some 10,000 barrels daily from Petro-Canada's Mexican exports, and Venezuela has required it to buy some 40,000 barrels directly from its state oil company rather than through Esso.

Of more pressing interest now are the company's domestic marketing practices. According to officials with the federal bureau of competition policy, Imperial will appear in a Toronto court on Sept. 21 on charges that it refused to supply gas to an independent operator in rural Ontario because of the state's low-prime policy. Not only that, but at minimum-bidding next month Gordon Kalster, the government's lawyer, will introduce other evidence intended to show that the big oil companies sometimes control retail prices through complement arrangements with dealers and that independent marketers sometimes cannot purchase or bearing all from the big refiners. Imperial is expected to argue its case vociferously. But the company clearly faces a very tough task.

—JOSH HAY in Ottawa

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Lamenting a world in tumult

Tom Clancy, the bluff, no-nonsense American who heads the World Bank, was asked in Toronto last week if it is a relief that the flow of money from the rich countries to the poor will continue unabated over the next decade. "I don't think anything is safe over the next decade," he replied—and Clancy is considered an optimist. But hope was the lowest commodity of all at the annual meetings of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund which concluded in Toronto on Sept. 6. Many of the 88 speakers sounded like funeral orators for the world economy. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau caught the mood perfectly in his concluding opening speech—an address much of which he drafted himself—in the Harrington Lake retreat in the dying days of his summer holiday. It contained not a trace of humor, dwelling instead on "these deeply troubling times." His thoughts were echoed in others' addresses. Asked Brazilian Finance Minister Raul Godívald, "How long can the social fabric stand?"

For delegations in the huge conference hall to leave in the direction Italy. Instead, they headed in private rooms. Third World delegates worried about cutbacks in the bank's so-called

loan program, and Latin American countries worried about bankruptcy. At the same time, a residential bank deposit protocol to an increasingly conservative political stance by the organization. For their part, rich nations showed no relief and optimism. At the same time, Treasury-bond lobbies became a sort of silver bar, black arms and gold jewelry. Indeed, a few hundred delegates enjoyed the free wine and lively swing band at a bank-hosted by the Canadian government that they parted on long after closing time. The bank's very proper managing director, Jacques de Larosière, even directed a few effusive remarks at a female photographer.

But everything well—and does—else. At least the last day of the conference brought some signs of good news. Thirty-five of the 88 countries that belong to the bank's International Development Association (IDA) agreed on a formula to keep management loans flowing to the

poorest of the poor countries, at least until mid-1984. The outstanding bottleneck is the United States, the country that pre-empted the funding crisis with a recent cut of some \$500 million from the contribution it had promised to make. Under the new "freeze agreement," donors have pledged to increase their regular contributions to IDA, notwithstanding the U.S. shortfall. But others—led by Canada and France—will contribute to IDA through a special fund. The monies will be administered by the bank and directed toward the very poor countries. The only difference is that U.S. firms and those from a few other countries that don't contribute will not be allowed to bid on the contracts it hands out.

"It is a symbiotic agreement, really," said one Canadian finance official who

worked on the deal, "a cold rebuke to the Americans."

Beyond the oily language and careful calculations underlying the Toronto agreement, however, a good deal of uncertainty. For one thing, two of the largest potential donors to the special fund—West Germany and Britain—will not be

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Former Finance minister Allan MacEachan, Bank of Canada Gov. Gerald Bouey and Deputy Finance Minister Ian Stewart at the meeting; hope was rare

ntributing their full share to the British because it doesn't have the money and West Germany because that powerful nation has developed a laissez faire attitude toward the agency. "There is a bit of a fig leaf covering a couple of contributors," said the Canadian official.

There is also a legacy of resentment that hones in on the meetings that start in November, when members will discuss how much money they will give the fund for the 1984 to 1987 period. Many of the rich Western countries feel that the United States left them alone to face the wrath of the Third World. If the government of the Reagan administration and the U.S. Congress continue, many dealers will be reluctant to bail out the again Canada, which contributes \$50 million a year, has already indicated that there will be no real increase in that amount next time around. Others may even be contemplating cutbacks because of domestic problems. Still others, according to World Bank Vice-President David Hooper, are shifting away from the bank and toward bilateral aid. Says Hooper: "The basic argument is that with bilateral aid you can place the Maple Leaf all over and take credit for Canada, whereas with multilateral aid it's a World Bank project."

The trend toward bilateral aid has drawn fire from critics who fear that donor countries will rule on loans to leftist governments. But critics also charge that the bank—despite its de-globalization—takes political considerations into account. That allegation is given more credence by a confidential bank report in Nicaragua. Lending terms

in the decreased role of the private sector in the country's economy and the "un-known but probable poor efficiency of the state industries," the report urges cutbacks and delays in loans to the Sandinista government.

Given the news was far from encouraging, Lebanon, at least, received some relief last week. Chauvin said that the bank, at the request of the Americans and with the political approval of the six other "stressed" countries, would be sending a team to Beirut. Meanwhile, debt-ridden Argentina also found its trip to Toronto worthwhile: the IDB has agreed to send a team to Buenos Aires to try to find a way of preventing the giant Latin American country from defaulting.

Perhaps the only unqualified optimism comes from Toronto last week, based on what did not happen. There were no kidnappings, killings or riots. There were only a few arrests. But that may have been more a result of luck than diligence. Despite the ballyhoo about security arrangements and the army of rent-a-cops that patrolled the major hotels, the security net sprung a few embarrassing holes. An Iranian Marxist left a street demonstration in front of the Sheraton Centre, wandered unchallenged onto a "secure" upper floor and questioned datagated about the meetings. On the first day a TV crew got to witness a few feet of the supposedly heavily guarded Turkish delegation. And, in the ultimate indignity, South Korean bank president Chang-Suk Cho reported that three valuable cash from a briefcase in his hotel room, listing a cool \$8,000.

—SEAN BILEY in Toronto

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THE LEGEND LIVES ON

Our economic herpes is catching

By Peter C. Newman

Watching a gaggle of compara-tively-lauded delegates to the International Monetary Fund meetings in Toronto last week, I had a misgiving that instead of strug-gling against the economic fire storm engulfing down around us, maybe we should give up the ghost, turn the World Bank over to Jack Gallagher, and set what remains of the repressive credit system loose in the Beaufort. It could hardly make things worse.

For more than a week the international moneymen wrestled with plummeting South American credit ratios, Weston's chicken liver pâté, Eastern Bloc dentures, scores, York Club tanked salaries, the recycling of educated Americans overseas, Ontario water, threats of U.S. nationalism and these ting Canada Beaupré here of soap that Toronto hotels filled on their guests. Clucky men with unarmored bodies (wearing plastic lapel badges to remind themselves who they are), these bankers to the world are no different from the street-corner variety found in small Canadian towns. Fused father confessor to all, they went about their confidences with the self-conscious cadence of representatives elders at a Presbyterian synod. Never pushy and seldom impatient at the beginning of the meetings, they were already speaking their unswerving faith in the system.

By the time the conference ended, delegates agreeing only to raise their support levels and to meet again in some more remote date than had been more than a little shaken. The nervous conversations were echoing like Mexican jumping beans whenever the name of that country was mentioned. Corridors going from the US delegation claimed that over breakfast one morning a consortium of U.S. banks had quietly dispatched the Mexican government \$6 million in emergency credits. The amount was used up between credits and Danish, and the Mexicans were demanding another shipment of greenbacks the very same day. With segregated loans of \$80 million, Mexico could boasts a debt load equivalent to 18 Dansk Petroleum, serving President José López Portillo's harshest measure in Calderón's Petroleum Club.

But the goldfest had its bright side, too. Contrary to what most Canadians believe, not all the world's troubles are Trudeau's fault. Even if his pronon-

went on to *The Daily Kennedy Show* ("We will not hold out Doms"), gave the last one of great moments in Canadian politics (along with "We have wretched relation to the ground" and "Alan MacEachen's record speaks for itself"), the prime minister made a creditable impression, managing with carefully handpicked delegates from nations where there is no beauty on his scalps.

make the world safe for Legal Liberals—are as dead as Margaret's ravenging vass. The ideal of squandering opportunities by redistributing the contents of the federal treasury has run out of money and credibility. No longer—will paraphrase the illustrious late Texas politician Sam Rayburn—will special interest groups be able just to "stand there, showing the bare tube the day it comes cold."

The various programmes which have been put forward by the International Monetary Fund have a name for the economic herpes troubling us. What we are suffering from, it turns out, is a "self-feeding liquidity crisis." That sounds like a stock market machine, but what it really means is that, instead of a run-of-the-mill recession (which corrects itself as inventories of goods are exhausted and people start buying again), we are into something very different. Companies, companies and governments are having to borrow more and more to pay off the interest costs on already bloated investment charges. That is a process that involves the whole economy.

It's a Catch-22 world. Canada is particularly vulnerable because our dismal productivity ranks us second lowest among the 18 industrialized nations measured by the OECD. Productivity seems to be less an economic than a cultural phenomenon, and our partners with Japan are inevitable. As Japan's output per employee grows exponentially, our very own United Auto Workers are busy performing a quaint Japanese ceremony called *bun-kai*.

blame Trudeau for the economic mess we're in. A little bit like blaming a broken lightning rod for the burning barn. The recent stock market rally and the failed interest rates have not made the snarl and barks of the Canadian press any better. Despite its best efforts to make the word of a bad situation, the fault is not Ottawa's alone.

At the same time, everyone but the muckrakers now realizes that we are already deep into the post-Trudeau era. That administration's disastrous ideology—a spouse the regions and to



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Golf, ahem, and the sporting life

By Trent Fragno

Sport is a young man's game, and a young boy man's game at that. Accordingly, your agent has been seeking a partner for fat old folks, and, at long last, an appropriate one has surfaced golf.

It's true that people have been leading the tiny pellets with a long stick for a while still, tall drowsy-eyed sultans arrive overnight, and it took time to recognize that golf is not just a sport. Golf helps people enjoy a long walk and, like bird-watching, keeps them out of bedrocks, but golf, to say it again, is not a sport.

Three great curiosities worked their way through your agent's brain the other day: one a sample of tubes in the tiny screen; another, a long, thin, hand-some all afternoon, another, the first prize something called the World Series of Golf, featuring and winning through four extra holes. Craig Stadler, who wears jeans on his pants, shaded Ray Floyd, who has monkey wrinkles on his hips, and thereby won \$10,000.

At the same time, out in Salt Lake City, Billy Casper shot a course record seven-under-par 66 to win a senior tournament ahead of Miller Barber, who delivered a blistering 69. Right after that, Jackass Carter avoided a boden on the final eight holes to win her third straight tournament.

The thing is, all of these record-breakers are either old or fat or both. They are not athletes, and what they are prepossessed with is not a sport. At best they are outdoor checkers or ambulating blackjack players. Pretty to watch? So is Flamingo Island.

How can anyone examine these shabby wizards and call them athletes and then bug a sport? Stadler is likely to emerge as golfer of the year for winning the Masters and the aforementioned World Series, but look at him. His belly is set to burst over his belt, his cheeks are redder than a kangaroo's pouch, his knees creak, his thighs rub and he has a mustache larger than a bird's nest. It is not for nothing the say is called the Walrus.

Next, Ray Floyd. Your agent caught up to him a spring or two ago at the Sunbeam course near Jacksonville, Fla. The week before, Raymond had won the Doral at Miami. When he was at Sunbeam he collected the \$72,000 prize and



an extra \$100,000 as a bonus for winning two of Florida's three winter events—\$32,000 for eight days of walking the Florida flats. Raymond is of such a center that you'd bet against him beating a fat lady to a seat on the bus, but there he sat, bailing over his slacks, telephoning his daughter in Miami, "Are you proud of your daddy?" Raymond beamed, eyes disappearing into red apple cheeks.

And then there were Billy Casper and Miller Barber crucifying par in Utah between them they are 102 years of age and more than 400 pounds of meat, depending on the current Casper scores. Once, Billy knocked off 100 pounds pursuing an exotic sort of fillet of sardines and mudhen rare buffalo burgers. His peer, Tommy Bolt, remarked that Billy wasn't admitted to the famous as his native San Diego unless he wore shorts.

Jackass Carter? No sookness intended but Jackass is not a lit, she will never see 45 again, and the lit is the best damned golfer ever, ever, ever, says.

So much for golf for golfers. Golf for spectators is also a disaster and should



not be considered a sport because it's impossible to witness it in the flesh. On television, okay you all there with your feet up, soil, except for the monolog talkers telling you the ball has gone into the cup after you have seen the ball go into the cup, golf has certain creature comforts. Such as a nearby toolbox and a nearby van.

At the golf course, after you have paid upward of \$34 to park two kilometers from the entrance, you are not allowed to avail yourself of the indoor plumbing because you are not allowed into the clubhouse. What you get, along with the links, are enclosed, portable, one-hole, what they call Johnnys-on-the-spots. Also what you get are fairways flushed by occasional tents which dispense warm cold drinks, cold hot dogs and processed cheese sandwiches at \$12 each.

What happens on the course when you're spectating that you can't see because the golfers were always surrounded at the tee by huge horseshoe rings of people peering into the backs of people in front and you couldn't use the fairway shots because stampedes of humans used to charge across the lawns as soon as the guy they couldn't see as the tee had teed off. And if you crawled along the grass between people's legs as you could see a shot, a guy wearing an arm-band and carrying a long bar too fishing pole stabbed you with the fishing pole and told you to stand still (or, in this case, lie flat).

Recognizing that people who paid \$400 or so for a wooden ticket ought to be allowed to see the performers, the tournament committees have devised the scheme of disengaging with marshals and their fat police and sticking off the fairways and greens with pale plastic cord beyond which as spectator dare tread without fear of explosion, intrustion and possible deportation.

So who needs to walk the fairways in the wake of the fat old golfers anyway? Nobody, except that the plastic pillow cord is strong so as to produce separation at least as wide as the Champs Elysees for the strutting players while confining the birds of nobility to a hinterland of trees, tall grass, holes, greenheads and other flora.

And in the distance the tiny figures of the golfers are just barely visible if they happen to be wearing skirts of rainbow violet with pinstripe pants.

This is sport?

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Although Christopher Plummer prefers the stage, this summer the actor decided to take his appeal to television in a five-part television series called *A Father Story*, directed by Jerry Lavenue. The two series, in which Plummer portrays Old Herbert Kappeler, a German SS service commander, and *The Gerry Park* (perhaps an Irish monsignor), will be shot this winter. The drama is based on the true story of the struggle between the messenger, who attempts to hide hundreds of Allied soldiers in Rome during the Second World War, and Kappeler, who is ordered to break up the partisan network. Asked why he chose the project, Plummer replied that he was excited by author David Stoller's "exceptional" script. "I play Kappeler, but it is not the Kappeler we would expect," Plummer declared. "One sees a human soul, a Kappeler who is kind, yet sometimes brutal." The old-timer's more delicate moments are punctuated, revealed in scenes with two young Canadian actors who play his children—Caroline, 11, and Max Murray, 8. Filming took place in Rome, where the Vatican opened "Relationship" opened its gates to allow the crew to shoot across with John Gielgud as Pope Pius XII.



Plummer and the Murray children, just a few days before shooting begins.

Only by the type of humor that refreshes Jewish mysticism—What does a Jewish princess make for dinner?—Toronto journalist Alan Gould is offering an alternative. *The Uncracked Book of Jewish Records and Lists*. The irreverent book, which is an off-the-wall edition roundup of the *Curious Book of World Records* and David Wainwright's *The Book of Lists*, was compiled in collaboration with Sunny Siegel, an American poet, and Toronto illustrator Gordie Shaw. While the book may not serve talmudic scholars or rabbis, it could tickle the interests of Jews and gentiles alike with its offbeat bashes. For instance: "Which is the most kosher food of all?" Sour cream with sour cream topping. Although his sensitive to his own Jewish roots, Gould, 38, is confident that his brand of humor will offend other Jews. "These are not Polish jokes told by the enemy," says Gould, conceding that of the 500 pages of data and records perhaps a handful might be considered unkosher.

Randy since the celebrated "Fiddle Widdle" of his early political career.

(Right left) Gould and his partner,



ever has Pierre Trudeau been under such sustained pressure to defend his bad-boy status? In an interview last week on *cnn's* *Crossfire*, Mr. Trudeau launched an emotional justification for his new famous, middle-finger gesture of contempt for a group of protesters gathered at trade-marts in the B.C. municipality of Salmon Arm last month. Trudeau would not actually confirm the photographed incident, challenging interviewer *Piers Morgan* to prove that it had ever happened. But he did concede that he was annoyed to see demonstrators outside his suite shortly after 8 a.m. on the first morning of his two-week holiday. Said Trudeau: "It was the first day of my vacation and I thought, 'My God, I'm going to be bugged at 8 a.m.' His handlers are making no move to apologize during the *cnn* full interview on behalf of the one-and-a-half restrictions they are placing on the selected interviews, such as the *Chicago Tribune* yesterday. Instead of sending him out, some reporters take him along so that the tactic is working. Sometimes neither *cnn* nor *cbs* has even followed up his comments on "the" Trudeau into retirement—because he did not get the answer that he wanted. Trudeau was already clearly en route before the decision. "We're only prime minister we've got now. It can't be charged by calling people by crackpots gathering money to buy me off."

Rock 'n' roll and baseball may not seem like an obvious pairing, but they are bound in glove to George Thorogood. The rock star, now on a cross-Canada tour, is known for his raunchy renditions of Chuck Berry and the Monterey classics. Offstage, though, when he is not following the New York Mets on television while touring with his *Destroyers*, Thorogood is at home cheering on the Delaware Destroyers, a semipro baseball team that he owns. He admits that he is "not good" at pitching and catching. But with his fourth album, *Bad to the Bone*, selling well, Thorogood hardly needs career counseling. For any musician, life on the road can be grueling. But for Thorogood, who is afraid of flying, touring is a special strain. "You can die on a plane," says the singer, who prefers to stretch out comfortably in the back of a Checker cab.

—EDITED BY CAROL BREHAN

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Let your fingers do the lawyering

By Gordon Legge

For several years Canadian lawyers have faced an escalating barrage of criticism from a cynical public about their seemingly short attitude and high-priced services. As a result, the legal profession is beginning to respond with education and information programs designed to help individuals find their way through the bewildering thicket of regulations and legislation that surrounds their lives.

Among the most innovative and successful undertakings is a program called Dial-A-Law. A Calgary phone-in service, it provides general information about the law and the legal system. Rather than consult and pay a lawyer, anyone can simply call and receive a briefing on a variety of legal matters. Because of its success...and the obvious need for similar programs are now being established in British Columbia and Ontario, with both due to start later. Moreover, the Canadian Bar Association is seeking outside funding to turn Dial-A-Law over to the CBA to establish and maintain the service in other Canadian provinces.

At the core of the program are more than 30 pre-recorded tapes that run for between five and 10 minutes. They span a variety of topics in areas such as family law, immigration, landlord and tenant legislation, wills and estates, criminal law, the court system, employment and social assistance, and consumer law. Since it began in October, 1982, the Calgary service has answered more than 38,000 calls, and averages 1,128 calls a month, and the total number during the first seven months of 1982 was 50 per cent higher than a year ago. Not only that, but Dial-A-Law, which has three toll-free lines to encourage people to telephone from anywhere in Alberta, has enjoyed an 80-per-cent increase in out-of-town calls. At the suggestion, there has been a 300-per-cent increase in the requests for transcripts of the taped recordings, which are mailed free at the caller's request.

If Calgary's experience is any indication, the new centre cannot be established too soon. As the recession tightens its grip, Dial-A-Law's clients have been requesting information on

such matters as separation, divorce and maintenance payments, real estate law and small claims court. Pauline Kowalski, for one, has used the service for just such a purpose. In January Kowalski, 32, and her husband, Carl, 30, moved into a \$125,000 three-bedroom, split-level home in the Calgary suburb of Woodbine. Then, within the past two months, both lost their jobs. Suddenly, the Kowalskis had barely enough money to feed themselves and their two-year-old daughter, Erin, nor to mention meeting the \$1,600-a-month mortgage payments. After hearing

250 Calgary lawyers to provide public legal education and legal advice clinics, Calgary Dial-A-Law was modified after similar services in the United States. Although no legal advice is provided—with a qualifying statement to that effect at the beginning of every tape—the tapes do outline legal rights, legal procedures and clarify doubts about when—or if—a lawyer should be retained. Furthermore, the operator can refer a caller to the appropriate agency for advice. Recordings are updated regularly to keep abreast of changes in the law, and new scripts are written every

CALGARY LEGAL GUIDANCE



Lawyers are number of clients are requesting information ranging from divorce to mortgages

about Dial-A-Law on a local radio program, they called for information about foreclosures. They listened to the tape and decided to hire a lawyer. As a result, they are not being forced out of their home (eventually), as the second mortgage holder had originally intended. Instead, the Kowalskis are buying the car on until Christmas. "The service is great," says "The law is as complicated, as mystifying. You just can't call a lawyer and say, 'Tell me a little bit about this or that.'"

It was precisely because of that difficulty that Calgary Legal Guidance (\$7.00 established the pioneering service in an 18-year-old organization that draws on the volunteer services of

summer to meet demands. Saga CEO's executive director, Hugh Allens: "We're not processing it much more than before, but we know that each month it grows and grows and grows. And we know that 25 per cent of our calls are repeats. So we must be providing a vital service."

Even the legal community finds it useful. Many lawyers now refer their clients to Dial-A-Law before they come into the office, says Lindell Larson of the CBA. "Lawyers prefer having more informed clients seeking help." And everyone in the law offices enjoyed having a particular client request a transcript after listening to a tape. The caller was an Edmonton Queen's Counsel. ☐

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A muscular dystrophy clue

There was cautious optimism rather than jubilant shouts in the Janasse family last week when it was announced during a Jerry Lewis telethon that a "breakthrough" had been made in Waterloo in the fight against muscular dystrophy. "It can't help us now," says Elisa Janasse, mother of three boys who died of Duchenne's form of the disease. "But if it can help detect the presence of it in an unborn fetus, then that would be something."

After a dozen years of research, Dr. Klaus Wrogemann, professor of biochemistry at the University of Manitoba,

says he has found a protein that may

be found that Duchenne victims—all males—fail to manufacture a certain protein molecule found in all men. Wrogemann believes that that molecule could be essential in protecting a person against the disease. Dr. Julian Kastner, head of biochemistry at the University, cautions that the discovery is just a first step. "It is sheer theory to call this a major breakthrough. But I can say that it is very important in the field of genetic research." Adds Dr. Paul Hagen, president of the Muscular Dystrophy Association of Canada: "Wrogemann's finding means there is a protein missing. But it may not be the protein that's missing."

Until Wrogemann's finding there was little scientific information on MD other than that it was a genetic, progressive disease resulting in muscle, nerve and tissue debility and death. "The next step is to isolate this protein molecule and find out its role with respect to MD," says Kastner. When that happens, an artificially produced protein molecule could be manufactured to treat the disease.

Bob Kastner is not making any predictions about such a cure. "It could take years before that occurs. On the other hand, with labs working independently now, Wrogemann's finding, perhaps it will be much sooner." Indeed, Hagen says that there are at least three groups in the United States and Canada currently working on the gene structure of MD victims. One such group is headed by Ronald Worson, a scientist at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children. That team is attempting to isolate the gene, not the protein. "We're taking a completely different route," he says. "However, I believe that Wrogemann's finding might help some other labs just beginning gene research to get at the MD gene itself."

The area that does hold promise is

Wrogemann's, is it the missing link?



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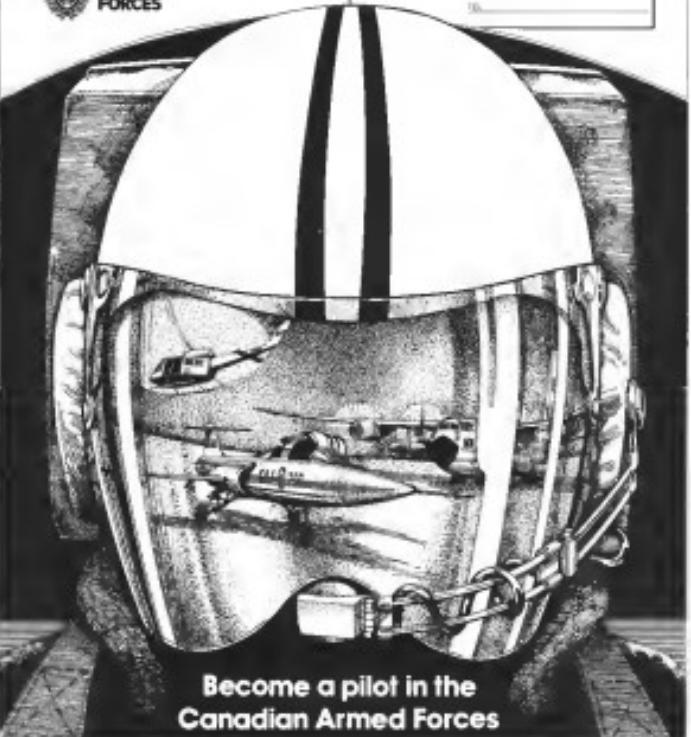
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premises diagnosis. The Duchenne variety of an affect only boys, and there is a 50-per-cent chance that a male fetus would develop it if the mother is a carrier. "What we know for certain from this research," says Karske, "is that a particular protein molecule is missing in the Duchenne type, and we already know that such molecules are made by the genes." He adds that the inference can be made that there is an abnormality in the gene that manufactures that particular protein. If and when the mutation is detected as missing in the fetus, a woman could choose whether or not to have the child.

The new high school of life

By Judy Shapiro

Donate By thinks it is an exciting way to beat the Grade 12 drudgery of returning to high school for her final year. By and 47 other high-achieving Ontario students have enrolled at Toronto's Ontario Science Centre. Starting Sept. 3, the 20 young people registered in the first semester will have the run of virtually all of the centre's 450,000 square feet of displays, facilities and equipment.

Unlike other specialty schools—the National Ballet School and other performing arts schools—the Science Centre focuses mainly on enriched science courses like those schools, however, it undoubtedly aims at turning out students who are at the pinnacle of their fields. In addition to credit courses in physics, chemistry, biology and algebra, students must take a compulsory class on leadership and communication. Georgia Vanderkam, co-ordinator of the program, explains that the repartition of scientists as bad communicators has

been a burden to the profession. "We want students to communicate science on an everyday-peer level."

The learning for most enrollees, however, is the high-tech paraphernalia for which the Science Centre is famous. Few school boards provide such elaborate lasers, \$62,000 electron microscopes,

In the interests of humanizing future scientists, the Ontario Science Centre has opened its own school

rotating rooms (where Newton's laws do not apply) and spectroscopy labs for studying the molecular structure of various substances. "In school you can only read about things like large lasers in a book," says Joe Paradi, a 16-year-old Toronto student. "Here we'll be able to see things work."

They will also be demonstrating how

things work. As part of their leadership course, students will design robotics for the centre itself and work with the public. "I'd love to see students demonstrating in the Hall of Life, but I'm afraid some of the public would eat us," says Cherie Cohen, head of secondary at Victoria Park Secondary School near Toronto and seconded to work on the project. "You see, I'd want them to dress in

That's needed in the first semester (33 females and 13 males) are not necessarily future Rutherford and Bellusci A/R students are bright, with 80 to 85-per-cent averages, and all are leaders in their schools, but may have non-scientific career goals. They want to be doctors, lawyers, engineers, pharmacists or professionals of some sort. Cohen, who emphasizes that all those who applied were persecuted by schools, also stresses that the teenagers are not "gifted" but rather "motivated or self-initiating."

For his part, Joe Paradi signed up to enter an environment in which he would not be spoon-fed information. For him, and his two brother, David, who recently attended De La Salle College Oaklands, a prestigious private boys' school in Toronto, it was amazing to be labelled "brave" for simply showing interest and enthusiasm in schoolwork.

"I was never really challenged in school," echoes Jodi Bleau, an 18-year-old student from Atikokan, a community of 5,000 in northwestern Ontario. Bleau is paying for his own fees and board in Toronto from summer earnings. "Education isn't geared to the higher level," he says.

Cherie Cohen. "We plan to work them hard." Though the course outline follows the Ontario ministry of education's curriculum and specifies standard textbooks, students will be expected to do more and work at home, returning twice a month from home for experiments.

Vanderkam signs a student registration form of relevance for example: Two weeks after he'll be given a semester to the class.

Working with Cohen and Vanderkam are about 15 other employees of the Science Centre, including Dr. Tom Wilson, the widely respected geophysicist and director general of the centre. The Metropolitan Toronto Board of Education will also provide teachers on two-year



Panels at microscope, Vanderkam and student at home for experiments?



transferred. Several boards have refused to hand over the funds to the North York Board of Education, at which the Science Centre students must enrol. Says Allen Wolfe, director of the Lambton County Board of Education, in Sarnia, Ont.: "We don't want to encourage students to transfer, because a reduction in enrollment makes it harder for us to provide a full range of courses with proper equipment, laboratories and such." One Sarnia student, 18-year-old Mary Kirk, is so determined that she is considering becoming a legal guardian appointed for her in the area.

Vanderkam estimates that if the two-year pilot project proves a success, advertising will be stepped up to attract about 200 students annually. That, says Joe Paradi, could help revolutionize Canadian science. "With all these people who know how to think," he muses, "maybe something good will come out of it—maybe even a cure for cancer." □

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gas outlet, a new Shell station on
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Husky Oil station in Calgary last month
and several others across pumping
natural gas in Vancouver by the end of
the year signal confidence on the part of
major oil companies in the coming popularity
of propane.

At the moment there are only an estimated
200 to 250 vehicles in the Metro area
equipped for running on natural gas.
But Toronto may well be a new
mecca for vehicles switching to natural
gas. Mississauga is now home to the
new head office of Cenntech Systems Ltd., a formerly Calgary-based company
that hopes to sell the conversion
kits and gas-conversion facilities
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outlets. School bus lines, taxi drivers
and charter services have already
approached the company.

Propane, natural gas' main selling point:
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is also a bonus, with up to 300 trillion
cubic feet of the gas in Canadian re-
serves. Engines that burn natural gas
are also subject to less wear and tear,
produce less pollution, and will start in
all weather.

Meanwhile, gasoline shakers are
wondering to see just how long the regulatory
hurdles to conversion will be before making the switch to CNG. The Ontario
government plans to incentive natural
gas conversion carefully, after past
propane conversion accidents. Still,
says Alan McVeane, who commutes to
Toronto every day in a natural gas powered
Oldsmobile, "I'm saving 40 to 50
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—AUSTIN RABIN in Toronto

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FOR THE RECORD

More than a comeback

SHEFFIELD STEEL
Joe Cocker
(Island/WEA)

Yes, he still has it. Although in recent years a reputation for gross drunkenness almost eclipsed his stature as a white blues singer, Joe Cocker here proves himself to be a mad dog capable of new and wonderful grooves. This closely textured blend of funk, reggae and rock beats is the perfect showcase for his vocal gifts. Cocker's versatile growl, strums andaceous stamping songs by Bob Dylan, Steve Winwood, Jimmy Cliff, et al., as his allies. No doubt this album will be heralded as a comeback, but that sounds only charitable. Quite simply, it is an event.

THE LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH
The Lords of the New Church
(A & M)

Back in 1978, as one of "The Dead Boys," Steve Bailey was singing, "I don't wanna be no Catholic boy." Now, as Steve Lazar, lead vocalist of a new four-man band, he is still taking the mercury out of priests and politicians. In fact, a lot of the "this life stinks" attitude on the album seems slightly old hat. Nevertheless, especially when played loudly, there is something about the exaggerated drums, lead guitars and warbled mowings (such as "We Went Apples") that is both funny and dire. The Lords of the New Church eschew all pretense and references to the names of trucks and horses, and while that makes for a certain amount of bluster, it is also invigorating.

LIVE IT UP
David Johansen
(CBS)

Formerly of the New York Dolls, a sardonic band that more people have heard of than heard, David Johansen has released three previous solo albums. But this is the first time he has fully revealed himself as a performer. This is one of those live recordings that make you wish you had been there. Sex, aggression, in fine voice and hell-bent on a good time, Johansen likes to do things in a big way and kicks off with a raucous reading of "The Animal's Wiggle Out of That Photo/Don't Bring Me Down." It's Your Thing has some spark, but the remaining six songs have as more seal than their sappy names. This Is for Real (It's Just) Your Love or Just My Doghouse. —DAVID LIPINSKI

In between, there are souped-up versions of "Reach Out I'll Be There," "Hold Me Up" (Bottrop) and Johansen originals "Promiscuous" and "Foolish" but Coko You come away from the album feeling tired but happy and wondering why this legend isn't a star.

THE LEXICON OF LOVE
ABC
(PolyGram)

The latest in a long line of disco clubberies that Britain has been breeding with baring abandon, ABC is hardly distinguishable from a host of other new-wave disco sets catering to callow



youths who like to get dressed up and go places. Lead singer Martin Fry tries for dramatic crooning on an epic scale, but his efforts are shallow and hysterical. Best song: the self-titled title track. Also: "Adore," "Spaniard Ballet," "Dancer Dancer," "Heaven 17," "Depreciate Moda," "Hansen League," "Soft Cell," "Harvest 100," "Talk Talk," etc., who needs that?

JUMP TO IT
Anita Prussik
(Atlantic/PolyGram)

Possessor of one of the most beautiful voices in the history of popular music, Anita Prussik has, for some time, been putting out mediocre records. On her latest she again settles for the occasional vocal flourish—ranging from fire in the marrow of midwives, overwrought, sick feels that has become her custom. Both the title track and a version of the Sales Brothers' "It's Your Thing" have some spark, but the remaining six songs have as more seal than their sappy names. This Is for Real (It's Just) Your Love or Just My Doghouse. —DAVID LIPINSKI



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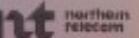
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To dam or not to dam

Watertwheels are almost as old as civilization. In 1480 the Roman engineer Vitruvius described how they could provide惊人的 brute power, although he said there was not much incentive to build the devices because a team of slaves could always be pressed into service.

New, colossal turbines—the descendants of watertwheels—nowline the flow of some rivers as hydroelectric dams feed a substantial segment of the planet's energy consumption.

But there are limits. Even in a country endowed with mighty rivers and waterfalls as Canada, almost all of the

country's hydroelectric sites outside of British Columbia have been dammed.

The problem now is how to trap the energy from those thousands of sites along such rivers as the Mackenzie and the St. Lawrence where the volume of flowing water carries impressive amounts of potential power but where a major dam is impractical because of low banks or shipping routes.

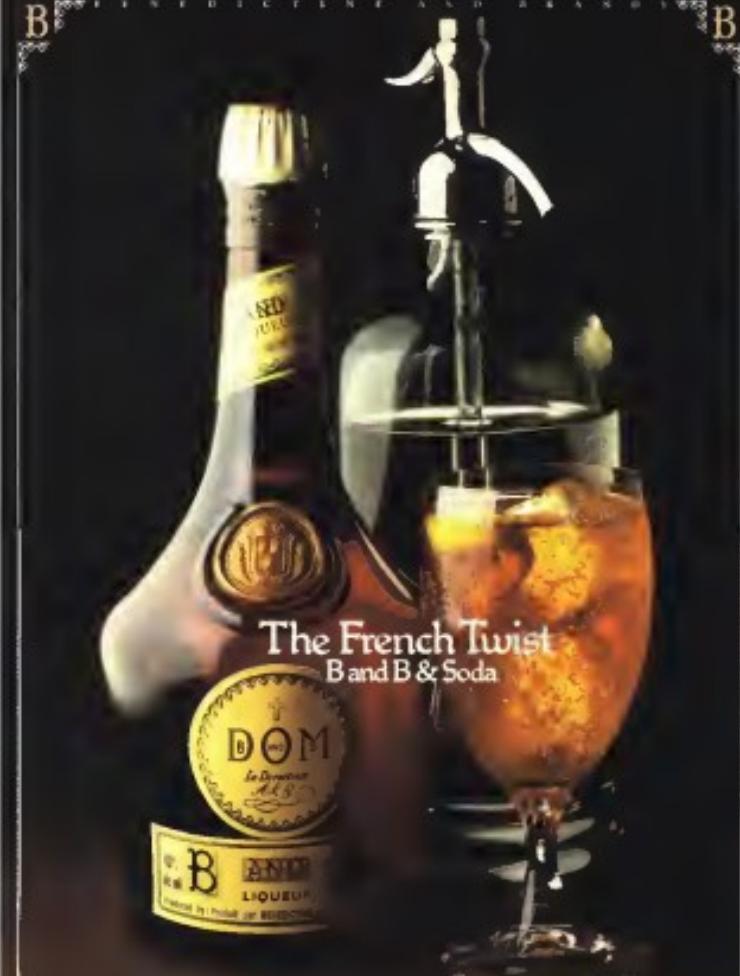
According to Dartmouth, N.B., atomist engineer Barry Davis, the answer is to combine the most modern principles of wind and hydro technology in a water mill. The result is "the turbobody," a water mill that resembles a cross between an inserted helicopter and an eggbeater. Davis' first full-scale version, funded by the National Research Council, was lowered into the St. Lawrence late last month at Cornwall, Que., for a year of tests.

The project originated in 1978 when the NRC requested proposals for "against-flow without dams," says Davis. He reasoned that "existing power-generating windmills, often at expensive sites, could be applied to flowing water." When Davis had the idea for a turbobody, or vertical-axis water mill, was born. "We were fascinated by Davis' ideas," says Bruce Pratte, senior research officer at the NRC's hydraulics laboratory in Ottawa—and the official who commissioned Davis' firm, Nova Energy Ltd., to build a full-scale test version.

One of the invention's great virtues is its simplicity. Struts attach three 17-cm blades to a central shaft suspended in the water from a purpose raft which is then moored in position by massive anchors. River current turns the blades to turn the shaft at about 600 rpm. That, in turn, drives a generator on the raft to produce electric power. If the device estimates to show promise, says Pratte, the NRC is prepared to go well beyond the \$500,000 already invested by ordering test turbobodies with blades three or four times larger than those in the existing system.

Trials in tidal waters, the new frontier of Canadian hydroelectricity, are already scheduled for next year in southern British Columbia and the Bay of Fundy in the Maritimes. However, at this stage the turbines seem more likely to augment rather than displace the high-tech conventional turbines now designed to harness Fundy tides in conjunction with an Annapolis Basin dam. The first of at least 128 of the new 50-megawatt tidal turbines will be tested in the basin next spring.

In contrast, the Cornwall test turbobody, now hooked into the St. Lawrence Power Company's grid, is generating up to six kilowatts of power, depending on the velocity of river water and the various gear ratios. That is enough power

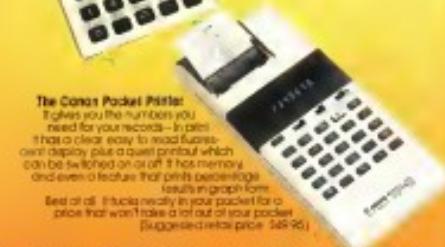


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or low total requirements of a typical house. If it proves successful after a year or two of experiments, similar turbines, located where the flow of water can be more effectively concentrated, could produce up to 50 kw. Handfuls of communities and camps in northern Canada, which are dependent on electricity generated by diesel motors fed by regular fuel carts, will be able to harness their local water power instead. According to a report commissioned by the federal government, hydroelectric power could be introduced at an estimated \$100 to \$300 million Canadian units. Until then, design a dozen series of units, generating more than 2,000 kw, however, turbines output will not become practical for large power plant use.

Indeed, it may eventually benefit individuals who will benefit most from the turbogenerator design. Small units rated for about \$10,000 per kilowatt are foreseeable for home owners living next to small, steady-flowing streams and rivers.

Australia, the United States and Britain are currently proceeding with their own research on water mills. But Canada has the research lead. British engineers, working along the same lines, have installed a four-bladed unit made to turn at the White Nile in southern Sudan. Power from the system is used to pump irrigation water to surrounding croplands. And Pratico says his more advanced Canadian design has sparked interest from U.S. power authorities in western states that are experiencing a water shortage.

winning adherents to nuclear power.

This is not surprising at the wealth of attention He has been at the forefront of aerodynamics and hydrodynamics technology since 1958, when he came to Canada from Australia to work on the Avro Arrow jet fighter,退役 by Prime Minister John Diefenbaker shortly afterward. He is confident his aerobatics will have a happier fate.

—Technische Dokumentation

The 'harvester': a motor mill that finds



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Iraq's Godin Tepe fortress (left) was bombed by Iraqi fighters, sending salt stains on CPAir's Empress Class cabin. Photos: Michael Madsen

ARCHEOLOGY

A graveyard for archeological dreams

By Catherine Rodd

Along the dusty banks of Iraq's Euphrates River, nine teams of Western archaeologists are frantically digging in the sand in an effort to save priceless relics doomed by a massive dam that will flood the area next year. In the southern refugee camp in Syria is a team of Canadian archeologists from the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) in protecting the artifacts left by Israeli warplanes. They fear that millennia-old monuments to Phoenician culture may have been shattered by modern military conflict. And in the exotic highlands of North Yemen, the legendary home of the Queen of Sheba, North American archeologists dug deep as local villagers demanded ancient temples and palaces, using the stones to build their own houses.

Throughout the Middle East, in a vivid clash of priorities, Western archeologists watch in horror as more and more sites are destroyed by the twin threats of the 20th century—sectarian warfare and industrial development. Archeology endures in stable countries, with the blessing of the host government, can produce spectacular results, such as the Medina Salt evanescences in northwest Saudi Arabia. But, increasingly, the birthplace of Western culture is in danger of becoming a

graveyard for archeological treasures.

"Archaeology is always at the bottom of the pile in developing countries," explains Louis Levitt, curator-in-charge of the Royal Ontario Museum's West Asian department in Toronto. While he does not agree with the priorities of the area's governments, he is saddened that the aims of archeology and development often seem polarized. "It's a great

tragedy, but with a little planning there are ways in which both sides can profit," he argues.

He cites the reorchestrating he built with the owner of a brick kiln near his property in Godin Tepe, in western Iran, in the early 1980s. Instead of digging up the ground, or as near the site, to feed the kilns, the owner was persuaded to move away almost entirely, refiling the project of one of his lowest buildings. So, Levitt is faced with even larger obstacles in his future Iranian digging—the volatile political situation and the war with Iraq, both of which have prevented his return for four years. Even when he does go back, he is not sure what he will find. Last fall he received word from Iraq that an Iraqi soldier had excavated the historic ramparts of the 2,300-year-old Godin Tepe fortress for a modern installation and scattered debris over the site.

Archaeologists are worried that the continuing war will also endanger sites in Iraq. This summer a Canadian team, led by Coyle Young, a curator in the West Asian department at the ROM and a member of one of the three Canadian teams working in the region, completely excavated a ninth-century BC Assyrian signal post that had served a critical link in a line of fortifications along the Euphrates. The team was hoping to start digging in the upper Tigris-Euphrates valley next year as part of another sci-





HEALTH

Calming the food jitters

After years of avoiding sauces and desserts at restaurants and fearfully venturing out to dinner parties, Canada's food allergy sufferers, an estimated five per cent of the population, are hoping that a recently approved new drug will liberate them from the pain and embarrassment of their restrictions. Naloxone, the first medication developed for food allergies, is an anti-allergy drug that relieves symptoms such as hives and swelling. Unlike antihistamines, which only relieve allergy symptoms once the reaction is in progress, Naloxone, taken before a meal, stops the reaction by blocking the digestive system and inhibiting the production of allergic antibodies.

The drug has been found to be effective for people whose reactions are not severe but who nonetheless suffer from food allergies and cannot always avoid the "trigger" foods. "I had one patient who never had a decent holiday because of her sensitivity to eggs [an ingredient in many prepared foods], but with Naloxone she can even tolerate a scrambled egg," reports Dr. Gerard Gervais, a professor of pediatrics at the University of Saskatchewan's University Hospital.

But Gerard, along with Dr. Colleen Williams, director of the Allergy Clinic at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, cautions that Naloxone is not a panacea for all food allergies. "If a person has a life-threatening reaction to a food, Naloxone will not help," warns Gerard. Similarly, Colleen Williams advises against its use by people trying to skip forbidden foods into their diets. Happily, the British drug has virtually no lasting side effects after years of testing in Canada and Europe. Nevertheless, despite a clear bill of health from Canadian clinical scientists at a food allergy symposium in July, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration has yet to follow Canada's lead and has not approved Naloxone for sale in the United States.

The price of relief is high. Naloxone costs about \$30 for a 400-mg capsule, enough to provide protection during a meal. The manufacturer recommends that it only be taken for social outings. Sam Douglas, president of the Allergy Information Association of Toronto, cautions "It's much easier to take some Novocaine than spend your time giving the hostess the third degree about her food."

—CATHERINE BROWN in Toronto

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FILMS

The original gambler



BOB LE FLAMBEUR
Directed by Jean-Pierre Melville

One of the most extraordinary movies of 1962 was actually made in 1955, having waited nearly three decades for North American distribution. If audiences were impressed by the originality of *Demi ou Atlantide*—or even *Jean-Luc Godard's* *Breathless* in 1960—it can be traced for the most part back to Jean-Pierre Melville's late arrival, *Bob le Flambeur*. A forgotten precursor of the French New Wave, Bob le Flambeur is like a smooth, old jazz record with some scratches in it, and the scratches give it its charm.

Melville's movie is a quirky fable about the Montmartre night life and underworld, beginning with a swarming camera pan of a cabaret Paris and ending with an issue switch worthy of *Le Mausauant* in a light-headed mood. It reveals the middle-of-the-night language of some Edward Hopper paintings, without the unsettling twinges of despair.

Melville's romantic translation into English, it means "gambler" but a gambler with his running through his veins.

Bob (Roger Duhau) is one of the more courageous gamblers ever to walk into camera range; he even keeps a slot machine in his coat. Huddled in a trench coat, he hits the streets after midnight, joining all the nightbirds where women disappear after dark. Bob and his friend are a special sort in that what ordinary folk do not, and among

strangers they feel they are with the best of friends. In crystalline images, Jean Deaux's black-and-white photography captures the pull of the night, its glitter, its sleepiness, its surreal sense of floating disorientation. Day seldom looks so good.

For a while the movie books in its own oddball beauty. Melville, best known for his superb adaptation of Jean Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*, could be directing with roller skates, his cinema is so fully energetic. And some of the editing techniques that he uses were brand-new in 1956. The movie's recent success comes close to Melville's nifty loop-the-loop kinetics: *The Shootout*. It matters little that for its first hour or so Bob le Flambeur is unconcerned with a narrative. When the movie does get around to a plot, as Bob and his buddies plan to rob the casino at Deauville, the function is to set up the elaborate, comicalizing plot. Interestingly enough, Melville will have to injure some jazz rats into those sequences—as though he had to really work at tuning the conversational lines.

Running through Bob le Flambeur are undercurrents of despair, confusion and private pain, but they are suggested, never pushed. Had they been, they would have spoiled the ambience. The movie is a fairy tale, what happens in it is a reflection of what men would like life to be, not necessarily what life is. And, at the same time the main character is guitars left, adding an extra, em-

patheric dimension. He is a lesser man, as Durante's performance is more variously and solidly, a lovely one. Bob seems to have sublimated all his sexual urges into gambling; this may damage his life, but for others, like Bob le Flambeur, it may not be nearly as rich without Bob himself.

Invention piles upon invention in Bob le Flambeur. Anyone considering himself knowledgeable about the history of movies has some homework ahead of him—but homework was never like this.

—LAWRENCE O'DOOLE

Even voyeurs get eyestrain

I LOVE YOU

Directed by Alain Resnais

In *I Love You* a man and a woman who hardly knew each other have sex in a steamy apartment with a great view of Rio de Janeiro. Call it *La Suite à Rio de Janeiro*. Call it *La Suite à Rio de Janeiro*. Paul (Paula Coquer-Perrin), a backpacker left holding 1,200 Mexican pesos from his business. His girlfriend (Vera Flambéur) has left him, telling him in no uncertain terms whom she thinks of him, which is not much. His self-esteem is battered. Paul is looking for what he calls "palpability," which sounds more to do with spirituality than the sex. Temporarily palpability arrives during a chance encounter on the street with Maria (Sonia Braga), who is in no great shape either. Her lover has abandoned her and, not feeling very kindly toward men at that moment, she pretends to be a where se



she can act out her reenactment.

When these two broken hearts get together, all pretense is dropped, and they have to lie at it, which Paolo, a video freak, captures for posterity with his camcorder. They talk about the odd house, then avoid the scratching of scratches, devise sexual diversions, get violent and tender, examine life, and bare the parts off as "We see so deprived of visual information—especially all the film is shot in Paolo's apartment—that we are forced to listen to the ramblings of these two in rot." After they have teased, bantered and "discovered"

each other—and Maria has finally gone so far as to quote Reinhardt—one feels like a voyeur who has developed eye and ear.

Cinematography is self-explored, man-made to plumb the depths of sexuality. *I Love You* never does. Peretti is irresistibly seductive, and Brando is an irresistibly gamine actress. Director Aronofsky, Jodor's notion of sexuality is what he thinks people want to see on the screen; one can almost hear him asking: "What they get off on?" "Love is meat," says Paolo. In *I Love You* certainly is love.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE



Ariel: Lori Anderson as Judy Garland

What becomes a legend least

PIAF: THE EARLY YEARS

Directed by Guy Cimino

When a movie concentrates on the part of a legend that is least interesting, it should be given marks for pure recklessness. *Piaf: The Early Years* covers the French chanteuse's biography up to the point at which her fame is about to be established, sending the drama and self-distruction to failure. These later years formed the greater part of the Piaf legend, as an international audience was drawn to her remarkable voice and her tragic marriage to melancholy. Her early years—literally being born in the gutter, becoming a singing street urchin, hanging out with pimps and prostitutes—could easily have been handled in a five-minute opening montage or brief flashback. *Piaf* takes nearly two hours to say nothing this.

Although Brigitte Auriel offers a reasonable impersonation of "The Little Sparrow" (the soundtrack uses some original recordings, others by Piaf impersonator Betty Mesil), she cannot transmute a screenplay that time-clocks Piaf's life rather than dramatically magnifying it. The results are not much better than Lora Anderson were to play Judy Garland. Nor does the film capture, as feeling, the hard-kettle, steamy-was progress of the singer; the pimps and prostitutes are heavily caricatured. It does, however, take great pains to point out that Piaf desperately needed to be loved: "Sing and I wait," she says. *Piaf* apparently has neither the inclination nor the ability to discover how the life attached itself to the art.

—LOT



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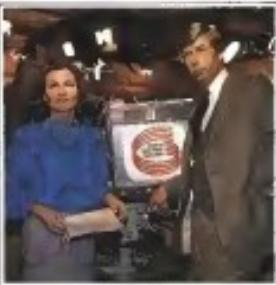
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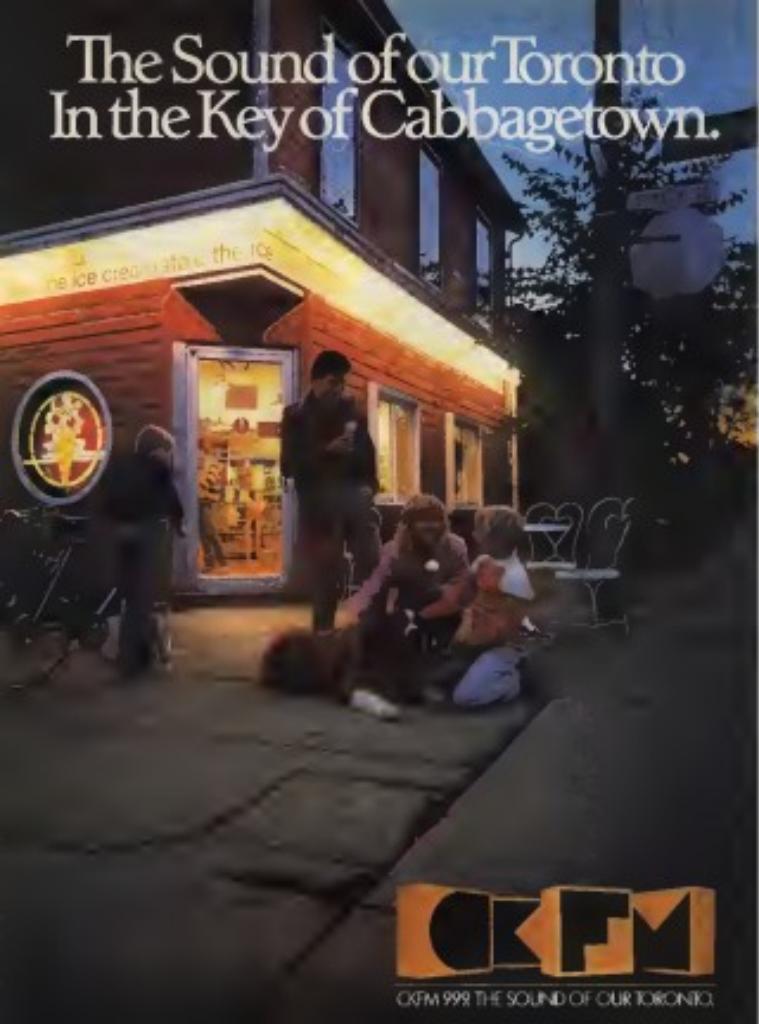
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A challenge to Hollywood

The first gunshots have been tossed in the long-awaited battle to free the Canadian film industry from the stranglehold of the major U.S. producers and distributors. Early in September, the Quebec cultural affairs minister, Clément Richard, de-lightedly unveiled the report of the Bourassa commission, set up 18 months ago to examine the effects of proposed legislation on the Quebec film industry. One recommendation—the document—subtitled "A question of survival and existence," was that all the major distribution companies in Quebec be banned. Canadian-controlled *Sous le soleil* would be the first hard-nosed attempt by any government in Canada to retain a significant portion of the estimated \$800-million annual Canadian box-office take. 75 per cent of which flows down to the United States.

During the same week files from the federal department of communications (DCC) were leaked to *The Globe and Mail*. In late spring, Coca-Cola had taken over Columbia Pictures and applied to the Foreign Investment Review Agency for control of Canadian's Canadian subsidiaries. In a letter to file the DCC's special adviser on film policy, Peter Martineau, had asked for a full review. In light of upcoming film-policy papers from both the DCC and the federal cultural policy review committee, which Martineau hinted would have a lot to do with foreign control, the letter noted that "forced divestiture of U.S. control in Columbia Pictures of Canada to Canadian interests will represent real benefits to the Canadian film industry." In other words, by the end of the year Canadian could expect to see the more kind of federal legislation and controls proposed for film that allowed the record industry and book publishing to flourish in the 1970s.

Rock the report by Guy Bourassa, former head of the Institut québécois de l'édition, and Martineau's letter indicate a substantial shift in their government's assessment of how to realize long-standing policies on the creation of a strong indigenous film industry. Until recently, struggling producers by such names as the capital city allowance, which allows a tax write-off for independent studios, considered the way to get more Canadian films into the screen box without parallel initiatives: import distribution. Canadian producers were well along the road to dependence on the well-established system. The Bourassa report confronts this issue, however. Steve André Thibierge, president of the Association des réalisateurs et réalisatrices de films du Québec, "It's the first

time a report has taken an overall view on the creative function of film-making as a whole."

Film production would be boosted by a Cinema Support Fund administered by a new branch of the Bureau national du cinéma. Each year \$25 million would be raised by various taxes, including a 10-per-cent ticket tax. "We wanted to show for 90 days if a dubbed or subtitled French film were not then made available, the English print would be withdrawn for 180 days.

environment—we got the deal," he declared.

When their branch plant operations have been threatened in the past by attempts to faster and preserve indigenous film industries, the majors have reacted strongly. In 1973, when then-Secretary of State John Roberts proposed a 10-per-cent federal levy on the income of foreign distributors, all it took was pressure from Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, and a 10-cent note from the US state department to get an immediate reversal. Boys' Boys' Boys' Eric Gauthier, past chairman of the Council of Canadian Filmmakers, "They just raise their eyebrows and we back down immediately."



The future over foreign distribution in Quebec came to a head in June when Columbia and Gaumont, the largest distributor in France, formed a jointly owned distribution company called Triumph to market Gaumont films in North America. Quebec independent distributor formerly handled these films and was heavily dependent on the income. Their umbrella organization fired off protests to Richard and Communications Minister François Fox, then boycotted the Montreal World Film Festival when it was announced that festival director Serge Lortie had signed as a consultant to Gaumont.

The argument against the majors apart from the sister cities across the border, is that they prefer to market their own films rather than a major Canadian independent project. Through vertical integrations of the industry—Gulf + Western, for one, owns both Paramount studios and one of the two largest Canadian exhibition chains, Pathé—Projections—the majors can often claim an absence of room for their product. As a result, Columbia Pictures Senior Vice-President Dick Gaglof says the cultural expression of the Gaumont controversy as a cover for economic overgrapes and the Bourassa report as an act of revenge. "It's a campaign

because of that," Gaglof may be right in feeling confident that negotiations with DCC will reach a compromise favorable to the majors. Still, even if distribution companies were Canadian controlled, there is no guarantee they would act any differently from their US counterparts without supporting legislation such as quotas and levies, which are under provincial control. The federal government's main interventionist economic tool is FIRA. Says Gauthier, "It's like hitting a boat with a teaspoon, but at least it's not going in the wrong direction."

The Bourassa report should go a long way toward correcting what economists André Léveillé terms an "abuse of the francophone population" by the majors. Whether or not its costly tax recommendations will be adopted, however, may not be clear. That will be decided by Richard's ministry. Meanwhile, successful producers like Denis Villeneuve, *Quest for Fire*, are enthusiastic. "I hope that we won't have to fly to Los Angeles any more," he says. "So all the Canadian rights to my film are decided on the Quebec advertising campaign." And smaller independent producers may finally get the surroundings they deserve.

MARIE CHAMBERS
with Wayne Grigsby in Montreal

Shooting at the banks

TOWERS OF GOLD, FEET OF CLAY

By Walter Stewart
(Collins, 300 pages, \$18.95)

Early on in *Towers of Gold, Feet of Clay*, investigative journalist Walter Stewart reaches back to Mesopotamia and the year 12000 BC to imagine a meeting between two cuneiform—Kassite Amasis and One-Eye Reuvan—to trade his bunch of fobs for Rose Dawn, One-Eye's daughter; after some haggling, they settle on a satisfactory deal. Eight years later, Stewart begins to attack: "Had the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce been on the scene in Mesopotamia, it would have arranged a Red Cuneiform loan for Hammurabi, taken over One-Eye's severely receivable, traded the then-known around the country-side 30 or 40 times, given everybody a lot of free advice along the way, and then foisted on the lot of them."

A thoroughly dismaying look at the world of Canadian banking, *Towers of Gold, Feet of Clay* is a well-researched account of a remarkable "Your bank is not your buddy." With other sheet on evidence to back up its accusations, *Towers of Gold* is redeemed by its sheer nerve. Stewart gives vent to the frustration felt by all those who harassed many of the summer's 30-plus anti-prix interests rates—in the House of Commons largely investigated bank profits.

Stewart does his best to prove that, contrary to its well-greased image, "banking is a business like any other, motivated by the same forces, marked by the same greed." Canada's pre-Confederation bankers possessed the financial clout to make themselves political powers. By 1890 they could force their choice of finance minister upon Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier by threatening to pull enough loans to bring on a financial crisis. Stewart claims that modern banks have equal power to protect themselves from competition: the Big Five chartered banks control 90 per cent, or about \$100 billion, of Canadian banking assets. Regional banking was thwarted in the West, he claims, when British Columbia's plans for a provincial bank were



Stewart strips away the mystery and lies

denounced in the 1890s by the South's leading newspaper, And William Ross, then Canada's minister of finance, forced the federal government's then-financial Debtorism, reducing his salary, however indirectly, from the banks. With that kind of protection, Canadian banks will never die, they won't even have to try.

Most of Stewart's abundant criticisms of the system are legitimate. So too are his suggestions, which range

from a call for much greater financial disclosure from the banks to the wise advice that individuals save at a trust company and pay credit card bills one of the chartered banks. That way the Big Five cannot save savings. Unfortunately, his brother often undermines his credibility: "The banking system," he writes in all apparent seriousness, "will have its larynx in its heart." What he does not say is that the banker who runs the system considers themselves as contributing members of an international financial system that, however fragile, has created the most prosperous era in economic history.

Had Stewart interviewed more bankers for their side of the story and relied less on *The Globe* and *MacLeans* clippings that make up the bulk of his research, he might have made a more balanced, and therefore more persuasive, argument. Rather than dig for prima facie proof that bank directors share their interlocking directorships, Stewart simply asserts that no average human could resist the temptation. The same holds true for his serious claim that banks call the personal loans of MPs to bring these into line on banking policy votes. He has no direct proof, but use your imagination. Because none of Stewart's information is based on off-the-record conversations, no one can reliably assess his reporting.

Stewart's history of banking and his absorbing study of the basic risky business of international lending are solidly researched and particularly good. So is his approach to the banking system as intrinsically evil and not coming up with solid arguments on the men who run it, with solid traps and a timely effort. *Towers of Gold*, the biography of Canadian banking depicted by journalists was much like the *Lies of Goliath*. Dorothy showed up—oppositions and needlessly assesses. Stewart has shown that you can answer back to bankers and live to tell the tale. Now all we need is someone to pull back the curtain to reveal how the wizards actually work the controls.

—IAN BROWN

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

1. *The Purloined Manuscript*, Laddie (2)
2. *The Prudent Bachelor*, Archer (2)
3. *The Man from St. Petersburg*, Follett (2)
4. *Different Seasons*, King
5. *The Old Tree*, DeMille (2)
6. *Portrait of a Lady*, Tolstoy (2)
7. *Eaten Alive*, Phillips (2)
8. *Fridley*, Hartman (2)
9. *No Country for Old Men*, Cormac McCarthy (2)

(1) Previous best-seller

Nondiction

1. *Canada with Love*, Wood (2)
2. *Jane Fonda's Workout Book*, Fonda (2)
3. *The Great Crate*, Price (2)
4. *The Tin Soldiers Strike Back*, Lovins and Lovins (2)
5. *Princess*, Lear (2)
6. *The Fate of the Earth*, Schell (2)
7. *I Like Loving and Learning*, Saksena (2)
8. *Years of Upheaval*, Krasznahorkai (2)
9. *What Bad Things Happen to Good People*, Easterlin (2)
10. *The Big Blood and the Bloody Grill*, Bryant, Long and Lonsdale (2)

(1) Previous best-seller

A bump and grind toward redemption

GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS
By Katherine Green
(McElderry and Stewart, 286 pages,
\$18.95)

Going Through The Motions schools the tragic woes of the 19th century that illustrate the sometimes perilous extremes of human existence. A young, beautiful girl from an affluent family works her way to the top of success in that most difficult métier, ballet, by age 20 her look has changed, and she finds herself taking off her clothes in a *Vogue* Street strip joint.

Such is the fall of Jean Sincere, the enigmatic heroine of Toronto writer Katherine Green's second novel. But since self-realization, not tragedy, is the theme of most fiction today, Green does not leave Sincere in the gutter. Instead, she starts her life there—Sincere is changed with humility for having picked a too eager backstage fun in the past. This incident brings the desperate passions of her life to a crisis she can either sink further or she can come to grips with the destructive facets that have plagued her youth. Not surprisingly she signs for the letter, and as *Maus* becomes a search for the redeeming truth, as it weaves dally between the past and the traumatic present.

The plot begins promisingly on the Edmonton ballet studio of an authoritarian spinner. Green's evocation of the harsh regime of ballet is a tour de force of clear-eyed reportage. The first time Sincere goes up on the tiny toes of her ballet shoes, she has "to pluck the skin, drying skin of the nights away from her toes." The skin off her big toe had run through the skin of her next toe. And finally, the second toe on both feet were peeled raw, wet, like seas of vegetable oil.

Through almost domestic determinism, Sincere survives and is assisted by a protective British ballet school. But she becomes pregnant and stubbornly refuses an abortion—only to surrender the baby for adoption. These events, which effectively wreck her career, make for a rather purifying rebirth. It is not that such events are unlikely but that Green does not make them credible. At the source of this failure is the rather odd absence of Sincere from much of the novel. She is not literally absent, but a great part of what she experiences is seen through strangely neutral eyes. It is as if Green were more bent on writing objective journalism than on creating a world animated with the feelings of an individual.

Green further obscures our view of

Sincere by her constant editorializing. Her intrusions rarely work since they are not convincingly backed up by the events of Sincere's life. When Green tells us that Sincere "had learned to talk, it had taken her life from her to do so," we are left baffled. Intrusions like this, however, seem Green's problem. Only in a few strong, isolated instances does Sincere live. At such moments she is usually angry, fighting off an attacker in Queen's Park or chasing out her boyfriend, David, for some half-moment of rest.

Despite his carefully drawn faults, David provides Sincere with needed support. With him roving in the studio, she makes a spirited courageous defense of herself in the assault case and so achieves her epiphany of self-realization. But since the reader has been convinced by Sincere in the first place, her final triumph rings false than a little fake. —JOHN BENTON

Buried alive by the muse



Fowles, more famous but less celebrated

MANTISSA
By John Fowles
(Collins, 300 pages, \$18.95)

A prettily created world must be under pressure of its creator; a pleased world is a world that fully reveals its planning to a dead world. It is up to us to explore characters and events before they dissolve as they begin to live.

John Fowles inserted these words into the heart of *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, a novel which triumphantly vindicates that belief. "J.B. Fowles did," who, 12 years later, has produced *Mantissa* as a more famous author but a less acute creator. His new book, planned as carefully as a word processor, tells entirely of the estate, quarrelsome, feckle relationships

between a writer and his muse. It might have made a lively essay or an excellent short story. Sad to say, *Mantissa* is a novel.

The writer John Fowles transparently disguised under the name of Miles Green, struggles to come to terms with his muse, who seems to have passed away. In case we miss the obvious suggestion that the room is, in fact, Green's brain, Fowles later explains the metaphor is a patrilineal way. Throughout the first section the writer appears to suffer from amnesia, a condition treated by a dying doctor and an even sicker black swan with methods that make Masters and Johnson look like followers of the Moral Majority. Yet these appearances are deceptive. Both of Green's healers soon prove to be fans of a single glittering statue, the nose of poetry and fiction, who occupies most of the remaining pages in her original shape as Erato, daughter of Zeus. The cerebral green, several blinks and endless conversations about love and art are sustained by bravado and ingenuity. But the emotional force of Fowles' earlier work has disappeared.

The previous offerings balanced delicately between the realistic and self-referential modes of writing, adding the humanity of English fiction to the intellectual rigor of European writing. *Mantissa* comes as a universe familiar to Fowles alone. Confined to the sheltered world of private obsessions and literary plots, the novel often seems flimsy and pretentious at once. It is as if Fowles, far off his wealth and public acclaim, feels insecure about his art, slightly contemptuous of his readers and unable to follow his true instincts as a writer. The revelation of the illness of his 18-year-old son *The French Lieutenant's Woman* shows that *Mantissa* was sprung to life. Once off the bed, the sick boy runs through the skin of his next toe, which had been peeled raw, wet, like seas of vegetable oil.

Through almost domestic determinism, Sincere survives and is assisted by a protective British ballet school. But she becomes pregnant and stubbornly refuses an abortion—only to surrender the baby for adoption. These events, which effectively wreck her career, make for a rather purifying rebirth. It is not that such events are unlikely but that Green does not make them credible. At the source of this failure is the rather odd absence of Sincere from much of the novel. She is not literally absent, but a great part of what she experiences is seen through strangely neutral eyes. It is as if Green were more bent on writing objective journalism than on creating a world animated with the feelings of an individual.

Green further obscures our view of

MARLE BULSTED

Bill, Big Julie and Pierre

By Allan Fotheringham

At Big and Richwood, deep within the bowels of Toronto's money, the limousines—black, white and grey—strangle the traffic, paralyzing city streets as drivers attempting to carry their passengers to work. Some of the lines are longer than the Venezuelan national debt, some are longer than Marc Léonard's legs, but the longest of all—a great grey monster—has no religious back portion filled with delegates from proletarian China, headed to the meetings of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank in the nearby Sheraton Centre. A bad driver (born in Poland, where massive international debts terrified him) fails to drive a British delegation to Niagara Falls and brags, "I have it in cheap, 1990"—and listening to the rate of a recent \$115-million real estate deal.

The government of Ontario, which worships the dollar and is concerned that other portions of Canada are getting too much of it, is appropriately abashed before these paragons of international finance. All expense-a-count type paid to manipulate the world's economy, they are offered a special deal by the obnoxious Bill Davis regime so that they can purchase their bags at half-price while in Toronto. The guardians of Ontario's grim morality, the Davis people flew Toronto bars to stay open two hours later than usual, until 8 p.m., so as to allow the throng of visitors considered more respectable than the natives. In effect, the rulers of the province are admitting that residents of Toronto must be treated 54 weeks of the year in a manner more restrictive than is considered normal in the rest of the world. The visitors, the backs of their bags filled with sheep bones, went unrigged.

There is a higher plane of hypocrisy attending this meeting of the magnates of capital. It is the sudden recruitment of lofty corporate figures as pitchmen for a Liberal government that has run the economy into the ditch and had prime minister Fotheringham as a coherent for Southern News.



Right, he inferred that there was a dangerous and "grossly exaggerated" perception among the natives that Canada is hostile to foreign investment.

In fact, Canada, it turned out, still ranks among the most attractive places to commit funds" on a "relative basis." The Bank of Montreal has committed funds (\$115 million, part of the \$1.4 billion due to four Canadian banks at the end of this month) no previously to bankruptcy-besieged Dome Petroleum that it stands to lose its shirt if Ottawa, as it is desperately trying to avoid, lets Dome slip under the waves. The Bank of Montreal needs the Trudeauists, and the Trudeauists need Chapman McMillion to sit up and sing for his supper before the visiting plutocrats, who need incentives to get to the liquor store. Chairman McMillion's vice-president in charge of corporate espionage is Richard O'Hagan, Prime Minister Trudeau's former press secretary.

Robert Blair is the number 1 manager

visually been succeeded by business as orchestrated a disaster. When the money men from afar agree, our doctored corporate personalities file up to testify to the greater good of the Trudeauists. William McMillion, chairman of the Bank of Montreal, has been victimized (far a banker) in recent months as to the goody financial policies directed from Disneyland-on-the-St. Lawrence. In Toronto last week, Chairman McMillion was detained on his hind legs before a seminar sponsored by the Trudeauists as an effort to the International Monetary Fund meeting. All went well and

of Alberta's staggering energy industry, the president and chief executive officer of the Calgary-based Nova Corp., the driving force behind the idea of a pipeline to the Arctic resources. Alberta has been driven to the wall by the Liberals' National Energy Program, to the extent that Premier Peter Lougheed has had to dip into the sanguine Harrington Fund to prop up the economy. Mr Blair knows what Ottawa policies have done to his industry and, to his face, Mr Blair, when called upon, was three at the seminar to offer reasoned explanations as to why the bidders in Ottawa really weren't that bad.

Mr Trudeau, whose hared hand now write budgets in pencils equipped with erasers for instant revision, made help to sell his \$10-and-Predator Mountain after leading the way by allowing members of Parliament to help themselves to a 45-per-cent success over 30 months. To sell the eastern oil that he once didn't want, he recruits a blue-suede team of corporate brains to convince the unawed. How good it will taste. To lead the team, he recruits Jim Sinclair, who until recently was one of the five highest-paid business executives in Canada and is now underemployed as general manager of the Canadian Pacific empire.

Mr Sinclair is now busy on the Liberal propaganda circuit, dispensing the syrup of a sloppily, profligate government that he and all other bureaucrats only recently were denouncing as incompetent and circumlocutory. He is in the spotlight, however, is tempting, and the craggy Sinclair, once the toughest critic of Ottawa's leth, is an easy target for the greasy uncles and powerful baronets that they must restrain their desire to keep aspects of inflation and, instead, pay heed to the latest brain wave of a government that devised the disaster in the first place. The Liberals, masters of blarney, don't have to pay for salaries. They merely crook the finger and the spokewives leap out of the boardroom to assist them. The wheels of the World Bank get more than cut-rate Grewatier. They got shake it, too.

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